

The Sketch



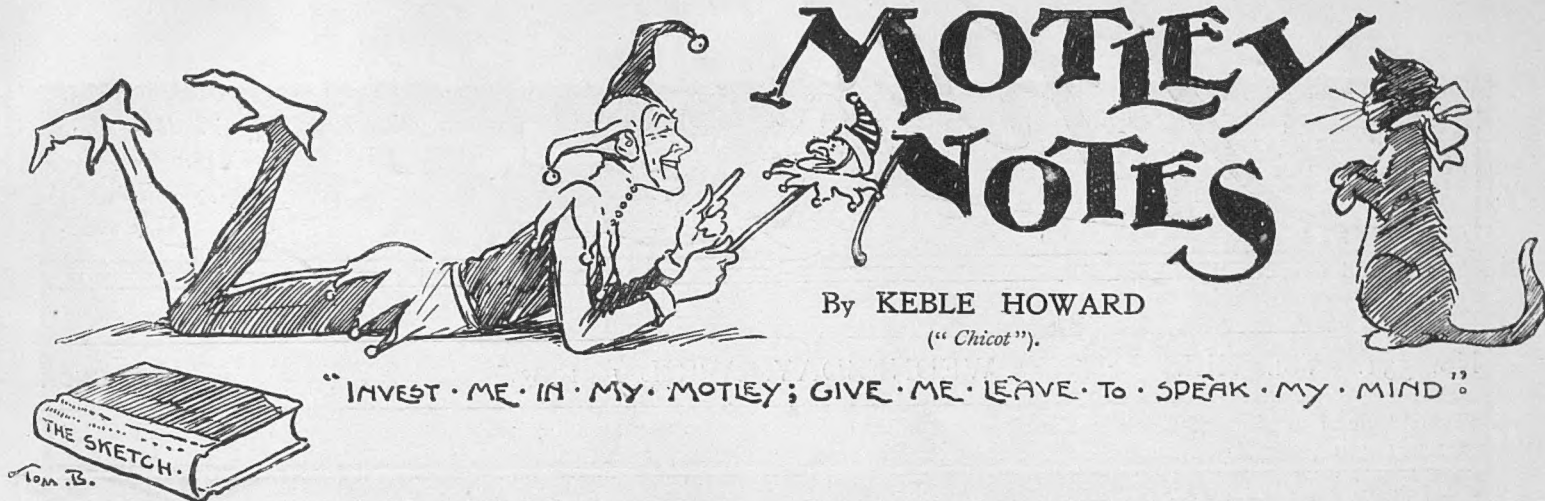
No. 531.—VOL. XLI.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



"APRIL — 1"



ALL FOOLS' DAY, you know, dates from the time of Noah. At any rate, learned people maintain that it was on the First of April that the dove flew out of the Ark and had to return, looking rather foolish, because the Flood had not subsided. The survival of the fooling custom, I suppose, is due to the fact that the First of April is practically the beginning of Spring, and young people, finding themselves in particularly boisterous mood, make a point of treating their elders with especial irreverence. For my part, I realise the approach of Spring with a certain amount of dread. In the first place, the brightening of the sun makes my clothes look tired, so that I am compelled to spend time, thought, and money in providing myself with new and uncomfortable ones. Secondly, I begin to receive by every post batches of verse from those of my sentimental friends and relations who find it impossible to relieve their feelings by merely writing the twaddle, but yearn and pine to see it in print. They generally enclose a little letter, requesting me to "put" the stuff into some paper. They imagine, I presume, that a paper is a sort of literary cauldron, into which one drops all sorts of rubbish whilst the Editor stirs the mixture with a gigantic blue pencil. Thirdly—but perhaps I need not continue. My real object will have been served if I manage to abate the poetry nuisance.

Have you ever, reverent reader, walked down that picturesque old highway known as Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon? It is a winding thoroughfare, and the houses on either side are lowly and unpretentious. Towards the end of the street, on the right-hand side, you find a still lowlier residence, plastered, oak-beamed, overhung. The stranger, coming to a halt in front of this house, wonders why the pavement is of mere cobble, contrasting oddly with the massive flagstones that run north and south. In a trice, however, he realises that this humble, old-world dwelling is the birthplace of the greatest writer known to the history of the world; that here William Shakspeare drew his first breath and made his first mewling protest against the inconveniences of physical mortality. And then the stranger steps into the silent roadway, surveys the picture as a whole, and thanks God that Henley Street has been preserved in all the sweetness of its pristine simplicity. Many times and oft has that simplicity been threatened; even now an American millionaire is seeking to destroy the harmony of the historic scene. But the good folk of Stratford-on-Avon set so great a store by their priceless gem that they will never allow any philanthropic iconoclast to mar the setting.

Talking of poets, I recently chanced across a little volume of modern verse that has afforded me unreserved pleasure. The collection is called, poetically enough, "Hither and Thither." The writer, it would seem, is a person of many moods. Now, all fearless, he rides upon the wings of the storm; anon, he creeps to and fro over the face of the earth, struggling in a veritable Slough of Despond. Hear him, then, on the majestic subject of Death—

The hope was forlorn, but valour blazed,
To go back some "Tommies" try;
He stood on the summit weeping, dazed—
Then it is a duty to die.

The ship was staggering on the rock,
And "Man the boats!" the cry;
The captain would have gone first of his flock,
When it was his duty to die.

Two pictures taken at random from the kaleidoscopic drama of Life, but treated with a simple grandeur that reveals, in every line, the master-touch.

Our author, too, is equally happy when dealing with quite simple themes. Here is a domestic ballad entitled "The Banging of the Door." I take the liberty of quoting one stanza—

Ah, she was jealous without cause,
I scarce had seen the lass;
But gossip, with its scandalous jaws,
Had brought the tiff to pass.
Her tears, her anger burned away,
"She'd never love me more;
She wished she'd never seen the day!"
The banging of the door—
Oh, the banging of the door!

One feels, somehow, that it would be irreverent to comment, however enthusiastically, upon so exquisite a trifle. Let me conclude, therefore, with an extract from the poem entitled "Sympathy"—a piece of work, in my humble judgment, that shows a wonderful knowledge of human nature—

At Christmas when there is good cheer,
And board well plenshed,
We have a jolly kind of fear
For those who are not fed.
And if our loves are suffering,
We think upon their throes,
And sympathy will spread its wing
And say a prayer for those.

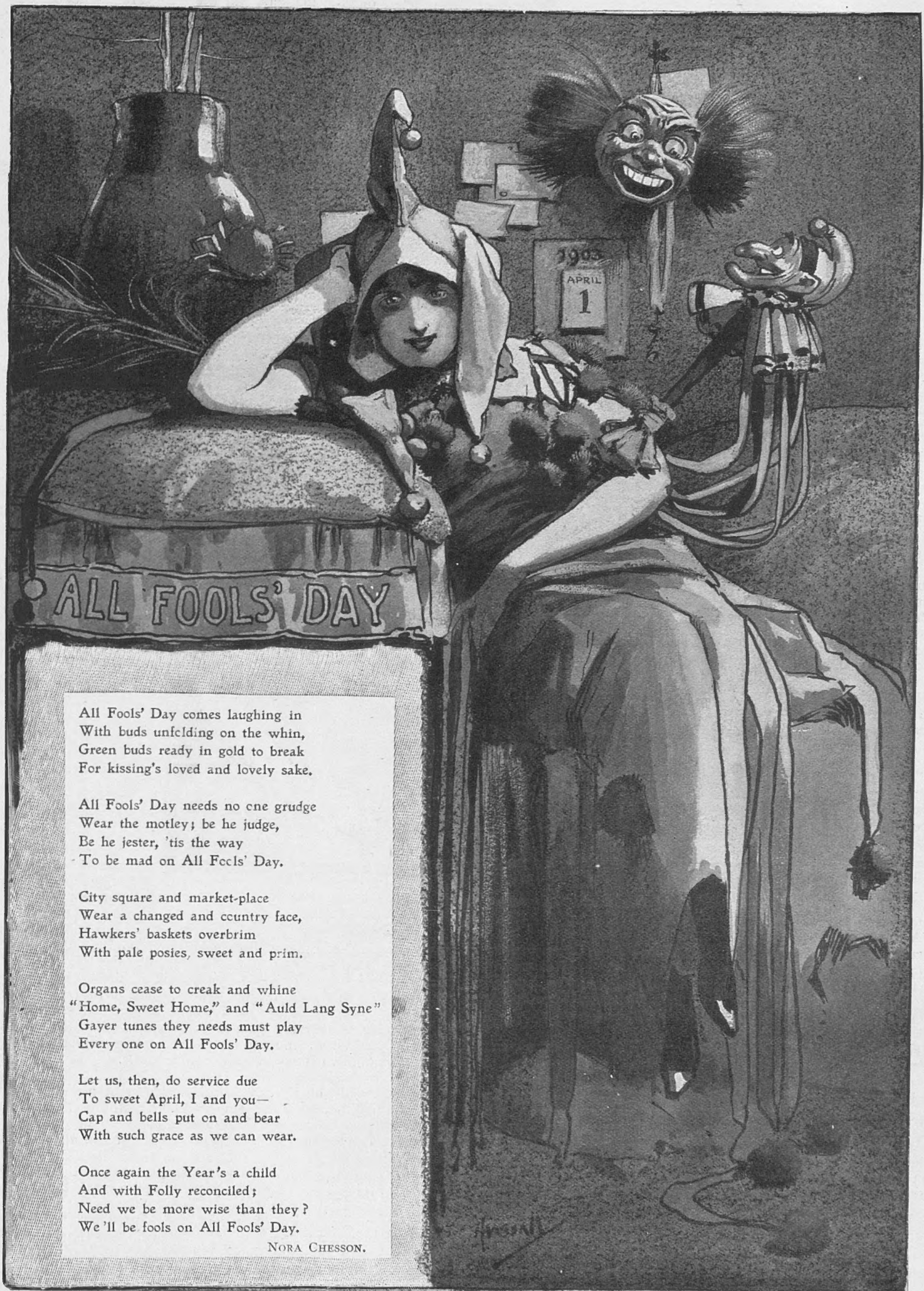
How true that is!

At the Continental Gallery on Friday evening last there was produced, for the first time on any stage, the psychological melodrama in one Act called "The Worst Man in London." Since, in the opinion of those present, the little play contained matter of more than ephemeral interest, I take this opportunity of recording the names of the performers. The drama was cast as follows—

"THE WORST MAN IN LONDON."

The Worst Man in London	MR. DUDLEY HARDY.
The Girl from Kay's	MR. STARR WOOD.
The Admirable Crichton	MR. JOHN HASSALL.
My Lady Molly	MR. WALTER CHURCHER.
The Call Boy	MR. TOM BROWNE.
The Toreador	MR. RENÉ BULL;
	and
The Old Grey Fox	MR. CECIL ALDIN.

Pending the production of the piece on a more pretentious scale, I am not at liberty to disclose the plot. Suffice it to say that the story revealed a depth of degradation hitherto undreamt of by the most imaginative dramatist from the East-End of London. The play, moreover, was acted in a spirited and realistic fashion that left no possible doubt in the minds of the spectators as to the foundation of truth upon which the plot had been built. The costumes and scenery were quite simple, and the performance was enlivened throughout with selections of charmingly inappropriate music. I have omitted to mention that the occasion was a Smoking Concert given by the London Sketch Club.



All Fools' Day comes laughing in
 With buds unfolding on the whin,
 Green buds ready in gold to break
 For kissing's loved and lovely sake.

All Fools' Day needs no one grudge
 Wear the motley; be he judge,
 Be he jester, 'tis the way
 To be mad on All Fools' Day.

City square and market-place
 Wear a changed and country face,
 Hawkers' baskets overbrim
 With pale posies, sweet and prim.

Organs cease to creak and whine
 "Home, Sweet Home," and "Auld Lang Syne"
 Gayer tunes they needs must play
 Every one on All Fools' Day.

Let us, then, do service due
 To sweet April, I and you—
 Cap and bells put on and bear
 With such grace as we can wear.

Once again the Year's a child
 And with Folly reconciled;
 Need we be more wise than they?
 We'll be fools on All Fools' Day.

NORA CHESSEON.

THE CLUBMAN.

Where *M. Loubet and the King are Likely to Meet*—Sir Hector MacDonald—The Grosvenor Club—The Bloemfontein Club.

IT appears likely that Cannes will be selected as the meeting-place of King Edward VII. and the President of the French Republic, an event which may have a very considerable influence on the relations between the two countries, for a shake of the hand and an embrace between two great personages, while the colours are dipped and the guns thunder a salute, impress a Frenchman with the idea of a national friendship far more than many treaties between the Quai d'Orsay and Parliament Street. The selection of a meeting-place between two heads of States is no easy matter, particularly if one or both of them be travelling incognito. There must be the appearance of a casual meeting, for neither of the two great personages can very obviously go out of his way to approach the other, unless, of course, each one journeys a certain distance, as is done when the meeting is official and every yard of advance on either side is planned by the Lords Chamberlain of the two countries; there must be a harbour where a guardship or a squadron can lie comfortably; and, lastly, the civil authorities who have to play an important part in the receptions must be gentlemen who can be trusted to be in the vicinity of Kings without blurting out ferocious Republican sentiments. Cannes has a sheltered bay and a harbour with a great jetty named after our King. Its golf links at La Napoule are an attraction to His Majesty, who is Patron of the Club, and some very charming rooms at the new town-house of the Club are waiting King Edward's occupation should he for a time prefer shore life to that on board his yacht. The Grand Duke Michael, one of the great personal friends of the King, is the uncrowned Sovereign of Cannes, and lives with his wife, the Countess Torby, amidst the roses at the Villa Kasbeck, and the Duke of Cambridge always makes Cannes his home in the late winter and spring. Lastly, M. André Capron, the Mayor of the town, is a very distinguished gentleman who is popular with all sections of the community, with the Anglo-American colony as well as with the French residents of all shades of opinions, and, with his charming wife, entertains like a Grand Seigneur at the Villa Madrid. All these things being so, there will be little wonder if the King's yacht anchors at Cannes for a longer period than anywhere else on the Riviera, and if at this period the President of the Republic finds it convenient to send the French Mediterranean Squadron to Villefranche and to run South himself for a little change of air.

Sir Hector MacDonald was one of the few British Generals whom I never met on pleasure or duty; but he was one of the men to whom conversation at the Clubs often turned, and I had heard many things concerning him during the past two or three years which made me think that his brain was becoming unhinged. The man of iron who stormed the Afghan heights and deserved a dozen Victoria Crosses, the commander who brought his Soudanese Brigade to a pitch of discipline that Frederick the Great would have envied and admired, was not the man who sat in the Sirhind Club fighting battles with matches and working himself into a state of irritation because he was not sent to South Africa; he was not the man who, when called to the Modder, was angry with his officers on very small occasion, who invented a drill of attack which was fantastic, and who, tireless before, felt that a sea-voyage to Australia was necessary before he could take up his work again. I am sure that Sir Hector was a man brain-sick for the past three years, and that these years and their culminating tragedy should be wiped out when considering him and his career. There is one story which I do not remember ever to have seen in print, which seemed to me to be very typical of the absolute command he had over his men in Egypt. During one of the battles against the Mahdi, his brigade, advancing, had distanced the

rest of the force, and that the attack should be delivered simultaneously along the whole line it was necessary for him to halt his men. He chose a depression of ground within a few hundred yards of the enemy, where his men were comparatively sheltered, and, to pass the minutes which would elapse before the other brigades came into the alignment, he ordered out the markers, and dressed his regiments on them as if they were on some ceremonial parade, and the men took up the exact dressing as perfectly and coolly as though they were about to present arms to the Khedive on his birthday, instead of being within a few hundred yards of a battle-hell into which in a moment or two they were going to plunge to kill or to be killed.

Two little occurrences in Clubland deserve comment. One is the sale of the effects of the Grosvenor Club, which has quitted its old premises in Bond Street and goes elsewhere. There were merry times in the great gallery, and I think that the Grosvenor first taught Clubland that it was possible to be amused on Sunday evenings. Its lawn at Henley and its tents at various race-meetings have always provided pleasant meeting-places. The other scrap of gossip concerns a split in the Bloemfontein Club, where Englishmen have been black-balled to such an extent that the British community is going to start a Club of its own. This seems a pity just at the time that fusion and pacification are the watch-words of the land, but this is not the first friction between the Afrikanders who have founded a Club and the British who came after. I remember one occasion when a big South African community was much disturbed in mind because a prominent

British official had been black-balled for the local Club. He had been made an honorary member, and, for greater coolness, had taken off his coat in the reading-room. The members resented this, saying that he would not have done so in Piccadilly or Pall Mall—which was perfectly true—and they "pilled" him most unmercifully. However, Club gales in South Africa are like the thunder-storms of the country—they come up very fiercely and are soon over.

At the St. James's Hall, the Grimson String Quartet, consisting of Miss Jessie Grimson, Mr. Frank Bridge, Mr. Ernest Tomlinson, and Mr. Edward Mason, gave a concert of much interest on Wednesday. They played in very masterly style a Tchaikowsky Quartet in E-flat Minor for two violins, viola, and violoncello, showing

ing in their rendering a most scholarly interpretation of the work. The same players also gave Beethoven's Quartet in C Major, Miss Grimson playing the first movement admirably, being very ably supported in this case by her fellow artists. For violin solo, Miss Grimson played Joachim's variations in E Minor very charmingly, never for one moment swerving from the right pitch. Mr. Charles Copland was the vocalist of the afternoon, and sang Massenet's "Vision Fugitive" and two songs by Cowen quite finely.

Are we really on the eve of the discovery of a new Mozart? A wonderful child-organist has appeared at a little French village called St. Maur-des-Fosses, a few miles out of Paris. Not only is he a very remarkable player, but in the parish church of the above-mentioned village a composition of his, "O Salutaris," is very frequently given. It is said that the frequenters of the church are unable to distinguish the playing of this child, not yet ten years of age, from that of his master, whose place he has many times filled. There is a picture drawn which is well worthy of record. It somehow recalls Handel surprised in the music-room by his family, when the little fellow, in his night-gown, thinking himself all unheard, had crept loft-wards to indulge in an art that within his soul was growing like a forward plant and would not be silent; it in a way, too, as we have suggested, recalls Mozart, into whom the flowing of the musically celestial ichor had passed before he knew the "naughts and crosses" of the world. For the final revelation of such a talent we have need to wait; but mankind is athirst for new music, even though Elgar and Richard Strauss are capturing the specialised musicianship of the West.



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(See "Motley Notes.")

DECORATIVE ART AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THERE is a little too much pessimism about with regard to British trade. Although we are being ousted from some fields by German and American competitors, we are having our revenge in others. Notable among those who have been instrumental in pushing the commercial success of England throughout the Continent of Europe and many parts of the East, Waring's stand pre-eminent. In their own walk, as art decorators and furnishers, they have made strides which illustrate in a remarkable degree what enterprise and energy, combined with high ideals, can accomplish. Largely as a result of their display and success at the Paris Exhibition, Waring's Continental trade has developed to a most gratifying extent, and the field of their enterprise now includes nearly every important European country. In addition, they are carrying out contracts in Egypt, Algiers, Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, India, and the Argentine Republic.

All this rapid expansion abroad, accompanied by a great increase of business at home, has necessitated a corresponding development in the administrative arrangements. New premises of a spacious and comprehensive character are being erected near Oxford Circus in order to cope with the ever-increasing requirements of the executive.

Jackson and Graham, Oxford Street, and of T. J. Bontor and Sons, of Bond Street, the eminent importers of Oriental carpets.

The effect of the amalgamation of Waring and Sons with Gillow's and the other firms was immediately apparent in a great extension of business. As a result of the new fusion with Hampton's, it is anticipated that large economies in management will inevitably take place, and it may be confidently expected that the business will still further expand.

The business is now fully equipped in every department of letting or building a house, and decorating and furnishing it, down to the most minute details. It embraces every kind of constructive work, and undertakes to design, erect, and furnish buildings of any size or kind, from a suburban villa to a palace or a gigantic modern hotel. The comprehensiveness of its range may be inferred from the mere mention of the various departments it undertakes: house and estate agents, architects, builders, electricians, sanitary experts, specialists in heating and ventilation, decorative artists, carpet importers and manufacturers, cabinet-makers, upholsterers, designers of decorative fabrics, dealers in antique furniture and tapestry, manufacturers of mantelpieces, artistic plaster modellers, glass and china merchants, and art valuers. This is a vast range, but the tendency of the age



DESIGN FOR WARING'S NEW PREMISES, NOW BEING ERECTED IN OXFORD STREET.

These premises, of which a sketch illustration is given on this page, will cover more than an acre of ground, and will, on their different floors, contain a show-room space of unequalled advantages for its purpose, where a complete selection of specially designed furniture, decorative materials, and articles of artistic household equipment will be displayed, and specimen rooms will be fitted up for the assistance of the firm's customers. The architect of the new building is Mr. R. F. Atkinson, under whose direction the works, which have been delayed by many difficulties arising out of official action, are now being vigorously pushed on.

At the annual meeting on Monday, it was announced that Waring and Gillow had acquired the whole of the ordinary share capital in Hampton and Sons, an enterprising and prosperous firm in the same line of business. This new fusion of hitherto rival interests is in full accord with the policy that has already proved so successful. It creates another landmark in the progress of this progressive business. The firm of S. J. Waring and Sons was founded some thirty years ago in Liverpool. About the year 1895, a branch was started in London, at 181, Oxford Street, and from that time onward the scope of the firm's enterprise has broadened day by day. They were compelled to acquire adjoining premises, to open new branches, to build additional factories. In 1897, an important amalgamation was effected with the famous old house of Gillow, of Lancashire and London, and at the same time were absorbed the firms of Collinson and Lock, the successors of

is towards these great industrial combinations, and only the firms which are equipped for and are equal to dealing with every department at first-hand can hope to obtain the big contracts of the future.

It might be difficult to say exactly what qualities go to the building-up of a great commercial business or to analyse the causes of a phenomenal industrial success. But, whatever may be those qualities, they are undoubtedly possessed by the guiding spirits who control the great firm of Waring and Gillow, Limited, the evolution of which, from a comparatively small provincial concern, within a single decade, is one of the most remarkable instances of successful commercial development that this or any other country can show. It is significant, too, that this development has been pushed forward during a time when British trading enterprise, speaking generally, has lain under the reproach of sleepiness and apathy. Yet, in the face of energetic foreign competition abroad, in spite of the economies enforced at home by the crippling effects of a great and costly war, and notwithstanding chilling commercial conditions which have left their cold grip upon many big firms, Waring's have gone rapidly and unfalteringly ahead, and stand to-day in a position second to none in mercantile importance, and superior to all in their unique combination of artistic taste with business enterprise. They are building and equipping big hotels in Copenhagen, Johannesburg, and London; and their most recent success is the contract, under the direction of the architect, Mr. Aston Webb, for the interior fittings of the new Government Museum at Pretoria.

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ROME ART EXHIBITION.

THE King and Queen of Italy opened this week the exhibition of
pictures called the "Esposizione di belle Arti," in the Via
Nazionale (writes my Rome Correspondent). There are as
many rooms as there are letters in the alphabet, and as great a difference
in the worth of the pictures hung there as can well be imagined. Some
are exceptionally good, and some really remarkably bad. Belonging to
the former category must be mentioned first and foremost those by
the late Signor Alessandro Castelli: they occupy a whole room to
themselves, and are worth some considerable attention. As one enters
the room one is much struck by a large picture entitled, "La Morte di
Plinio a Pompeii"; this is a most remarkable and wonderful work
of art, and must have cost the painter many a hard hour's labour; such
a mass of excellently portrayed flame and ruddy smoke is depicted
issuing forth from the top of the hill as has probably seldom been
surpassed in art.

As is natural, the well-known faces of the different models, who
wander about all day in the streets of Rome and in the Piazza di
Spagna, are to be seen in very many of the exhibits, sometimes in the
form of lovers, sometimes as repentant murderers confessing before a
crucifix, and sometimes as shepherds tending sheep in the Campagna.
In the first room one notices a portrait of the late King Humbert I.
on horseback; whatever the portrait may be, like or unlike, the horse
is but a sorry production at best; the figure, as a whole, looks, too,
very stiff and lifeless and not very interesting. In the same room, a
most weird and curious painting is supposed to represent Christ
stilling the waves during the storm on the lake: most people, I think,
will agree in opining that it represents the scene in a form very
different from that which is conjured up in the minds of the majority.
This is, perhaps, the kindest thing that can be said about it. Two
most lovely pictures by Serra are well worth examining closely and
attentively, namely, "Sorriso dell' Alba" and "Tramonto nella Palude."
An excellent portrait of Emperor Menelik, seated on a couch, dressed
in white turban, white under-robe, surmounted by a rich, red-lined
black cloak, and blue-and-white striped garments of sorts besides, is
also very interesting; it is by Augusto Valli.

English painters are also represented at the exhibition; of these I
may mention Miss K. Weedon Cooke, the Misses Swinborne, and
Mr. Vivian Guy. Pietro Cabrini has some exquisite marine pictures,
and, unfortunately, there are some horrible examples of the modern-
day "Secessionist" school—pictures of ghastly, glaring colours, which
hurt the eye and haunt the mind for hours after their inspection. On
the whole, it is a very interesting collection of pictures and well
worth visiting.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

HIS MAJESTY is about to start on a really lengthy yachting tour, and there seems an impression that the Royal yacht will touch at several of the better-known Mediterranean ports. If this be so, he will almost certainly meet the King of Italy at some suitable spot on the Italian Riviera. It is hoped at Nice that the King will make there a longer stay than he has ever yet done, but there is little doubt that Cannes will be the Royal yacht's

headquarters, for this has long been the Sovereign's favourite holiday resort, and there he has a large circle of friends who are anxiously awaiting his arrival. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the coming of the King has almost monopolised the attention of visitors and inhabitants alike on the Riviera, where His Majesty is as popular as he is in Paris.

The Royal Yacht Party.

During his yachting tour the King will entertain a bachelor party; this will be headed by the Marquis de Soveral, the popular Portuguese Minister, who has so long been known in Society under the quaint sobriquet of "The Blue Monkey." General Sir Stanley Clarke is also included, as is the King's Marine Painter, the genial Chevalier Martino, who, though Italian by birth, is, to all intents and purposes, an Englishman, and who, it will be remembered, accompanied the Prince and Princess of Wales during their Colonial tour, taking a number of excellent sketches, some of which have been worked up into larger paintings.

The Sovereign and the Sport of Kings.

Our Sovereign has once more shown how keen is his interest in the Sport of Kings. The Grand National has been called the Northern Derby, and His Majesty's visit to Aintree last week (27th) naturally caused great gratification in the neighbourhood of Liverpool. King Edward's last visit to Aintree was on the occasion of the 1900 Grand National, and then—as, indeed, always when he is in that part of the world—His Majesty stayed at Knowsley as the guest of Lord and Lady Derby. It is rather curious that the Royal horse, Ambush II., was to have run last year at Aintree, but at the last moment he broke down and the King gave up his promised visit. His Majesty's late host is one of the most remarkable members of the Upper House; he has had a long and very creditable public career, and he has an ideal heir in Lord Stanley, most hard-working of politicians. It will be remembered that Lord Stanley was one of the first M.P.'s who volunteered early in the South African War. All Lord Derby's sons are actively engaged in serving their country, six having been through the South African campaign, while his sailor son, a godchild of the late Queen, saw active service during the bombardment of Alexandria and in the Egyptian War of 1882.

An Imperial Couple.

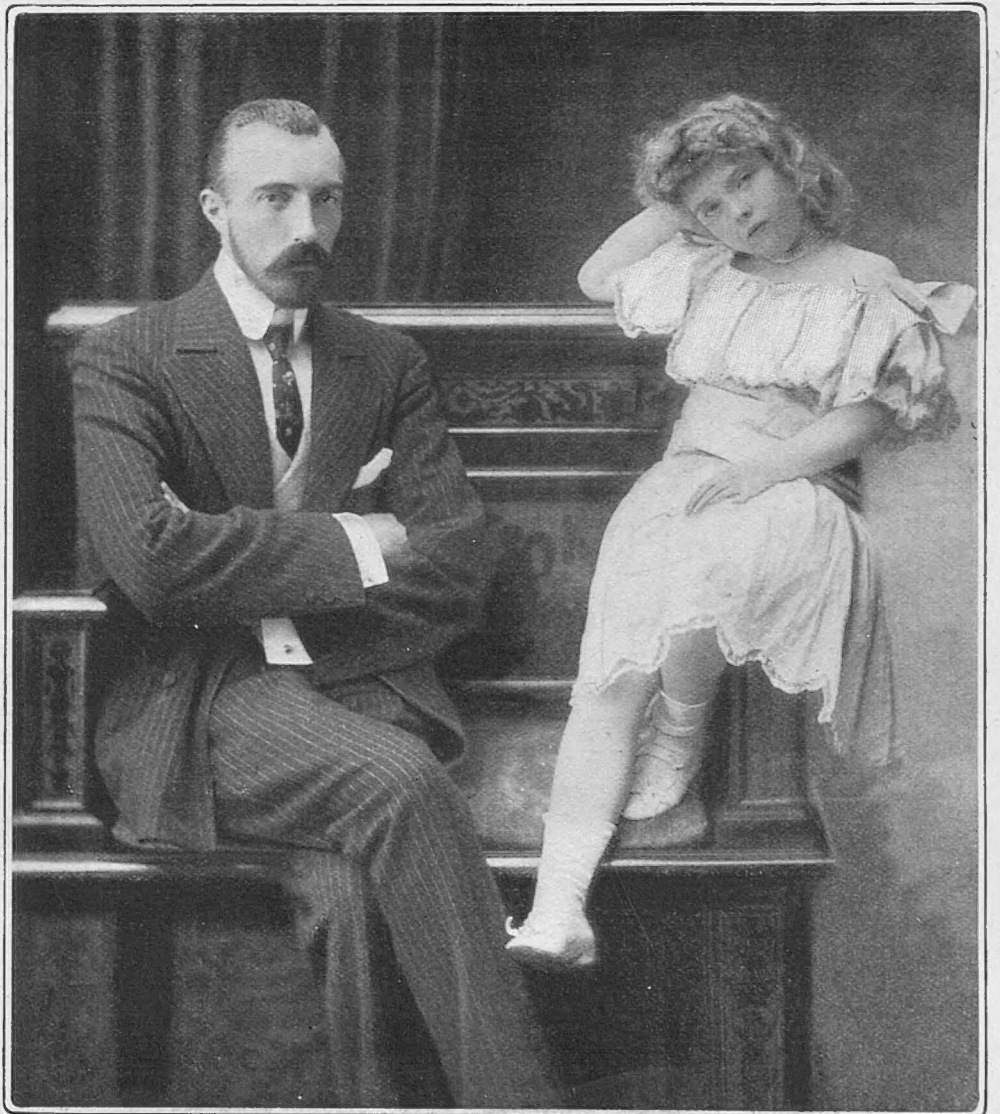
The world dearly loves a romance, especially a Royal romance, and of late years there has been none more charming—and, it may be added, more successful—than that of which the Grand Duke Michael is the hero and the Countess Torby the heroine. More than one Russian Imperial personage has given up all the world for love, but the Grand Duke Michael abandoned a unique place and position; for he was the present Czar's favourite cousin. Since his morganatic marriage, His Imperial Highness has divided his time between France and England,

and the pretty little daughter to whom he is so passionately devoted is King Edward's godchild.

The fact that the Grand Duke Michael has taken Keele Hall for a term of seven years will cause much satisfaction in Staffordshire, for the Countess Torby is a most gracious hostess, and, when entertaining a brilliant house-party in her English home, she makes a point of asking her more distinguished country neighbours to meet her guests. Their Majesties are both very fond of the Countess Torby and she was given a specially good place at the Coronation.

The Spanish Renaissance.

If proof is wanted that Spain is recovering from the long struggle with her troubles, the forthcoming Medical Congress in Madrid should supply it. I hear that twelve thousand doctors are expected, and will be the guests of the King of Spain, whose bill for their board and lodging alone is estimated at six hundred and fifty thousand pesetas. Not only have all the hotels been engaged, but scores of private houses have been taken, and many people of standing are receiving some of the visitors. Madrid is never a cheap place of residence, and the stray visitor who is not one of the fortunate twelve thousand is likely to go far and pay heavily before he finds a resting-place. This month, too, witnesses the annual *fiestas* of San Isidro, who is Madrid's Patron Saint; it also witnesses the birthday of the King. So the Capital will be very gay and the doctors should have an excellent time, particularly as they will be able to treat themselves for any pulmonary disorders arising from the curious atmospheric conditions of Madrid, where you are roasted on one side of a street and frozen on the other, while the chill wind from the neighbouring hills has a penchant for all people with weak lungs and does its best to remove them quickly to Paradise. Happily for the doctors, April is not the month of its greatest activity.



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

A Fairy Palace. Pena, the King of Portugal's lovely country palace, where it is very probable the King will spend at least a day during his forthcoming stay at Lisbon, is fairy-like in its beauty. Situated on the heights above Cintra, Pena has retained

River Tagus. Lisbon has retained much of its mediæval character, many of the houses being immensely old; indeed, some even survived the great earthquake which took place on the day of Marie Antoinette's birth. Of the many palaces in the town, the most splendid is that



VISIT OF KING EDWARD TO LISBON: THE ROYAL PALACE.

much of the characteristics of a mediæval fortress, but each succeeding Portuguese Sovereign has added something to the group of picturesque buildings, and the lovely grounds are tropical in their luxuriance and splendour and contain some of the finest statuary in Europe. Queen Marie Amélie is devoted to her country palace, and she and her children spend long hours on the great terraces overlooking the splendid stretch of country below.

Lively Lisbon. Lisbon will certainly prove a most interesting town to the King. For its size it is a remarkably cheerful and bright little capital, and certainly no city is more exquisitely situated, for it is built on a kind of amphitheatre, which lies round the

where the King will stay, and it is also noted for its beautiful tropical gardens; curiously enough, this palace, the Necessidades, was once a monastery.

"Nobler Ways and Abuse of Power." Colonel Coulson, of Newbrough, has done inestimable service in elevating the minds of the boys and girls of our Public and Board Schools by his lectures on Chivalry, Manliness, and the Abuse of Power. He has received innumerable testimonials from Headmasters and Mistresses that his lectures have been highly appreciated and have had a most beneficent effect on his youthful auditors. Colonel Coulson's lectures are not of the namby-pamby sort so abhorrent to



THE PLACE DOM PEDRO, LISBON.

the average schoolboy; they are eloquent and impressive, and have a sincere and manly ring that unfailingly appeals to his audience, while his occasional touches of humour add an element that attracts and holds the attention of even the youngest of his listeners. It has been well said that "the gist of his addresses is the great truth that mercy and kindness are necessary attributes of a gentleman." By the invitation of Lady Forester, Colonel Coulson will to-day give an address at Willey Park, Shropshire, on "Nobler Ways and Abuse of Power."

"The Durdans," Lord Rosebery's pretty place near Epsom, was *en fête* last week in honour of Lady Sybil Primrose's wedding. The charming old house, which was bought by the ex-Premier just before his marriage to Miss Hannah de Rothschild, has never witnessed so brilliant a gathering, for Lord Rosebery has hitherto been content to entertain there bachelor parties of his friends. It often happens that a man who owns several great mansions prefers some quiet little spot which is much more of a home to him than can be any of his more stately residences. "The Durdans" has always been specially dear to its noble owner, and the house must prove of intense interest to any British sportsman, for, in addition to the collection of old sporting prints and paintings mentioned last week in *The Sketch*, Lord Rosebery keeps there counterfeit presentments of all his own more famous race-horses. Under all the circumstances, there was something peculiarly appropriate in Lady Sybil's choice of pink and yellow for her bridesmaids' costumes, this combination being her father's racing-colours.

Another Irish Revolution.

The latest Irish Land Bill is intended, like its predecessors, to be the last. A dual system of ownership having failed, the Government are now making a heroic effort to induce the owners to sell and to enable the tenants to buy. British credit is to be used through the creation of a guaranteed $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. stock, and there is to be a free grant of

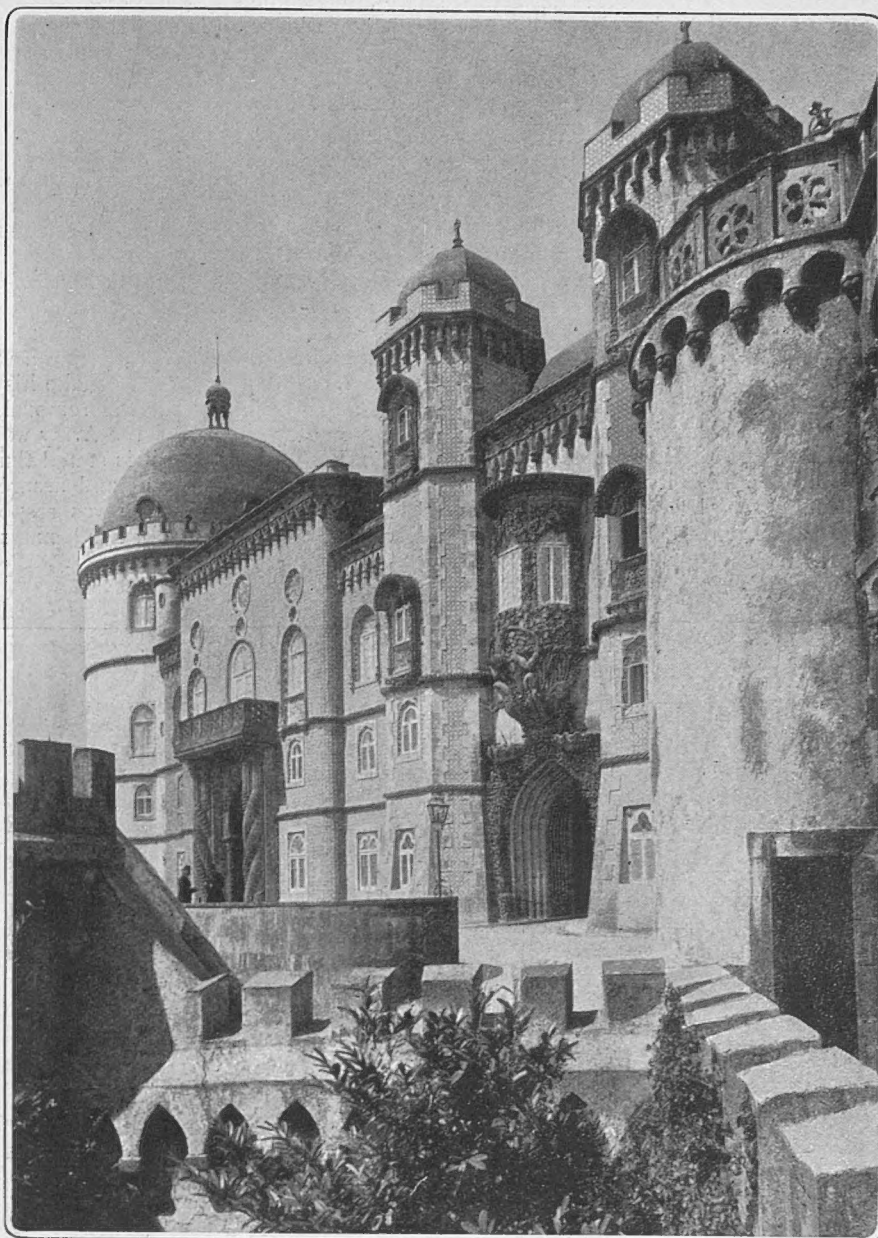
fourteen millions sterling. If the purchases extend over fifteen years, the payments by the Treasury will continue for eighty-three years. They will vary in amount, but the Government estimate that the maximum annual charge will be £390,000, and they hold out hope of economies in other Irish directions to the amount of £250,000. In forming the basis of the purchase transactions, reductions of from 10 to 40 per cent. will be made on the tenant's rent, and the vendor, on the other hand, will get a State grant of 15 per cent. if the purchase-money amounts to only £5,000, 10 per cent. if it is below £20,000, 6 per cent. if it is below £40,000, and 5 per cent. above that sum. Seven-eighths of the payment by the tenant will be an annuity at $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., terminable in sixty-eight and a-half years, and the remaining eighth will be a perpetual rent-charge to the State at $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The sales are to be conducted by Estates Commissioners.

The Land Bill throws the attention of Parliament on Mr. George Wyndham, a handsome, courteous, clever, ambitious man. He made a fine figure as he stood at the table, with a bright flower in his close-fitting frock-coat. His speech had the merit of being shorter than was expected, and it interested everybody, including Peers and strangers. The House likes a man who makes

the most of his opportunities, and Mr. Wyndham treated his subject with dexterity and sympathy, and exerted himself to give his Bill the best possible appearance.

The Nationalist Leader.

Almost all who listened to the Chief Secretary's exposition of the Land Bill waited to hear Mr. John Redmond's view of it. The occasion was for Mr. Redmond a personal triumph. No other Nationalist Leader had extracted from the British Government so great a concession for the settlement of the Land question. He looked worthy to be the Leader of any Party, with strong face and dignified manner, and his speech was in fine Parliamentary style.



THE CASTLE OF PENA, AT CINTRA, NEAR LISBON, BELONGING TO THE KING OF PORTUGAL.



"THE DURDANS," LORD ROSEBERY'S EPSOM SEAT.

Photograph by Hopkins, Epsom.

*King Christian's
Youngest
Descendants.*

It is strange to think of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark in the character of grandparents, for the Crown Prince seems to possess our own Queen Alexandra's gift of youth. He has, however, quite a number of grandchildren, including a baby boy who will probably live to see himself occupying the Throne which is now his venerable great-grandfather's. The younger brother of little Prince Frederick rejoices in the quaint Christian name of Knud. Two of the Crown Prince's daughters are married; the eldest is Princess Frederick of Schaumburg-Lippe, the second is Princess Charles of Sweden. On such an occasion as that of the forthcoming birthday celebration of King Christian, all His Majesty's descendants are gathered together, and young and old enjoy a thoroughly good time.

*King Edward's
Danish
Son-in-Law.*

Prince Charles of Denmark, though his personality is but little known to "the Man in the Street," is one of the pleasantest of Princes. He is sincerely attached to his charming and clever wife's country, and it is an open secret that, had he his way, he would spend even more time in England than he now finds it possible to do. Prince and Princess Charles's English home is Appleton Hall, a pretty, picturesque country-house, of no great dimensions, within a walk of

three are occupied by the King, the Crown Prince, and his son, Prince Christian, whilst the fourth, the so-called "Christian VII. Palace," is generally reserved for the reception of foreign Princes. The rooms occupied by the Emperor William have previously accommodated King Edward, the Czar Alexander III., and the present Emperor of Russia.

A Tearful Premier. It was rumoured some time ago that the Emperor had prohibited the Crown Prince from visiting Athens, as a sign of his displeasure with the Grecian Government in depriving the Crown Prince Constantin of the supreme command of the Army. Although the Emperor did not allow sentimental considerations affecting his brother-in-law to modify his policy during the Greco-Turkish War, it is possible that he has enjoined on his sons the necessity of making their visit as far as possible a private one. Since the alleged Imperial orders were given, the Premier of Greece appears to have attempted to make his peace with Prince Constantin. It may be recollected that the removal of His Royal Highness from the supreme command of the Army was one of the consequences of the Turkish War. Now, it is stated that, a few days ago, M. Delyanni appeared before the Prince, and assured him, with tears in his eyes, that the War Minister alone was responsible for the reforms in the military organisation. The aged statesman became so affected as to



GRANDCHILDREN OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Photographs by O. Gjorup and Co., Copenhagen.



PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK.

Sandringham. There their Royal Highnesses occasionally entertain very intimate friends, and it must be a great change from breezy Norfolk to the splendid suite of rooms in Copenhagen which they inhabit when residing in the Danish Capital.

*King Edward's
Visits.*

It is regarded in Court circles as probable that King Edward will pay a visit to the German Imperial couple in the course of the coming summer (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). Although, as I am informed, no decision on the matter has yet been reached, the question appears to have been discussed informally between the two Courts. If the suggested project is realised, King Edward, I understand, will be the guest of Emperor William not at Berlin, but at the Neues Palais in Potsdam. The visit would combine two objects—to return the visit paid by the Emperor William in November last to King Edward, and to announce in person the Accession of His Majesty to the Throne. It is quite certain that, as in the case of other monarchs, the second object will necessitate visits by the King to all the chief European Courts.

*Germany and
Denmark.*

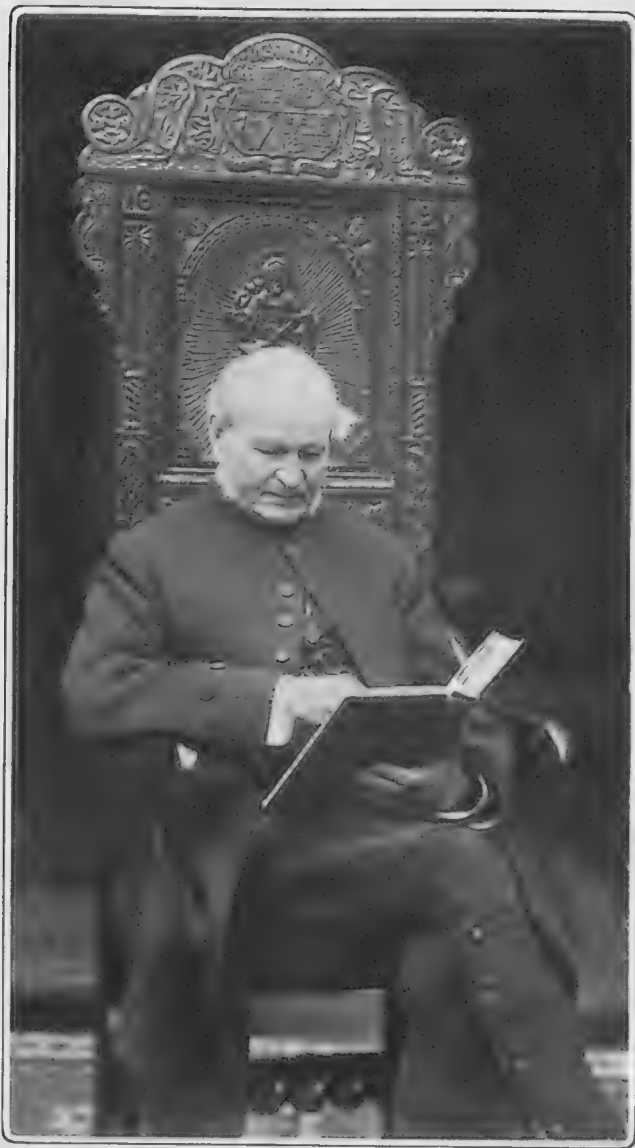
The suite which the German Emperor is taking with him to Copenhagen consists of thirty persons. Sumptuous preparations have been made at the Palace of Amalienborg for the reception of His Majesty. Amalienborg consists, as most people are aware, of four distinct palaces, of which

lose all control of his voice. The tears coursed down his cheeks. The Prince was even obliged to raise the tear-stained handkerchief which had slipped from the Premier's hands to the floor. Finally, the Premier, in choked tones, inquired if His Royal Highness would agree to attend a Conference at the War Ministry for the purpose of arriving at an understanding. To this question the Prince dryly answered, "The War Minister is my superior; let him order me to attend the Conference."

A Lucky Prisoner. In the canton of Freiburg the curious prison custom prevails of charging well-to-do prisoners two francs a-day for the expenses incurred by the Cantonal Government in lodging and feeding them. Ten years ago, a rich merchant was condemned to a period of eight years' imprisonment, and at the outset of his term the authorities took from him the sum of 5840 francs, to cover the cost of his unwilling sojourn behind the prison-walls. The criminal, however, effected his escape on the first day of his confinement, and now, after ten years' absence, when all legal possibility of reclaiming him has lapsed, he has returned to his native place and has sued the authorities for the return of the 5840 francs. Incredible as it sounds, the Supreme Court at Lausanne has returned a verdict in the merchant's favour, on the ground that the prison authorities of Freiburg are unable to prove that they have rendered value for the money forcibly taken from him. Consequently, the ex-criminal has received back his money.

*The late
Dean Farrar.*

Rarely has the Church of England suffered such a series of losses by death in so short a space of time as has witnessed the demise of Dr. Temple, Dr. Bradley, and Dean Farrar. The Dean of Canterbury was one of the most genial and amiable of men, and his name was familiar in



DR. FARRAR, PHOTOGRAPHED AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON
BY MRS. GEORGE ARBUTHNOT.

many households where those of his fellow dignitaries were almost unknown. Possessed of great rhetorical gifts and a scholar of erudition and distinction, Dean Farrar's books are highly valued possessions in many thousands of homes in Great and Greater Britain. His "Life of Christ" is, perhaps, his best-known work, for it has run through a very large number of editions. As a great school-master, an eloquent preacher, a learned theologian, and a most picturesque writer, his name will go down to posterity. Up till a few hours of his peaceful end, the Dean, though partially paralysed and very feeble through long illness, had, with characteristic courage, persisted in fulfilling his duties, and had attended the Cathedral morning service and made a long stay at the King's School Sports on the very day before he passed away. Indeed, a message was received from him at the Cathedral on the Sunday evening, requesting the prayers of the congregation on his behalf, within a few minutes of his death. The photograph I am enabled to give of Dean Farrar was taken three years ago, when he was staying at Stratford-on-Avon Vicarage as the guest of his friend, the Rev. George Arbuthnot. The Dean had gone to Stratford to preach the annual "Shakspeare Sermon" on the Sunday following the Poet's birthday (April 23, 1900), and Mrs. Arbuthnot herself was the photographer.

The Pope's Tiara. The tiara which is worn by the Pope is a head-dress of Oriental origin, and was worn by the Chaldeans, the Persians, and the Egyptians. In the times of the Carolingians, the Papal tiara had only one crown, and Nicholas II. was the first to wear the double crown, while the earliest tiara with three crowns appears on the tomb of Benedictus XII. at Avignon. Formerly, the Popes possessed some very magnificent tiaras, but most of them were stolen by the French soldiers in the wars of the Revolution, and Pius VI. sold the others after the Treaty of Tolentino, and only kept one that was made of cardboard. Napoleon I. gave a very fine one to Pius VII., which was the one that Pius IX. used to wear on great occasions, although Queen Isabella of Spain gave him an even finer one in 1855.

Fine Old Sherry.

Some of the very oldest wine in the world has just been sold in America. It is a cask of sherry dating from the year 1767, and fetched a thousand pounds. This cask of wine has had a most interesting history. The whole of the sherry vintage of 1767 was bought for Napoleon I., with the exception of a small quantity which was kept for the King of Spain. The Emperor valued his old sherry most highly, but his many wars did not leave him much time for drinking it. How the cask got over to America no one knows, but it appears that the one just sold was undoubtedly the last remaining of Napoleon's stock of sherry.

A Famous Actress. The publication of a cookery-book by Mrs. Rochfort has called attention to the fact that the authoress was once famous wherever the English language is spoken as the great actress, Miss Herbert. Miss Herbert first appeared in London in 1854, but her greatest successes were made at the St. James's Theatre from 1860 to 1866, under the management of Mr. Alfred Wigan, and afterwards of Mr. Frank Matthews, she finally undertaking the management of the theatre herself. Her most famous characters were Lady Audley in a version of Miss Braddon's novel, Lady Teazle, Miss Hardcastle, Beatrice, and Lydia Languish, and in 1866 she made a great success with Mary Leigh in Boucicault's "Hunted Down." In 1869, Miss Herbert appeared at the St. James's Theatre under Mrs. John Wood's management, and shortly afterwards retired from the stage on her marriage.

Lord Ribblesdale. Lord Ribblesdale is one of the most courtly and cultivated of Peers. He will live in history as having been one of the last Masters of the Royal Buckhounds, and his book, "The Queen's Hounds, and Stag-Hunting Recollections," is a



LORD RIBBLESDALE.—AFTER A PAINTING BY SARGENT.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

valuable addition to the history of British sport. Lady Ribblesdale is one of the group of brilliant sisters which includes Mrs. Asquith, and is said to be one of the best conversationalists in Society.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Lutetia's Strange Case.

The Parisian to-day is bewildered, and even benumbed, at the turn that things are taking in his well-beloved city, (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*): It was not pleasant—in fact, it was distasteful—to read every morning the ghastly and murderous exploits of the “Apaches” and a dozen other bands of unspeakable scoundrels.



MDLLE. DARTHY, OF THE PORTE-SAINT-MARTIN, PARIS.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

But they were in far-off quarters like La Villette, Montparnasse, and Montrouge, and one breathed with some security. To-day, the bandits are the masters of the Grand Boulevards as sure as they are in the alleys of the dangerous districts. The reading of the story of the pitched battles on the Mardi-Gras and Mi-Carême carnivals between police, troops, and the ruffians would seem incredible in a civilised city if your own eyes had not borne witness to the disgusting ruffianism on the boulevards. These two triumphs have excited the bandits, and now Paris seems likely to be deprived of some of its most historic gay fêtes. The fair at Vaugirard was a fashionable novelty, giving the aristocracy a chance of spending a very pleasant evening with democratic joys. This year, it is the scene of police charges and desperate fighting. It is certain that Montmartre will suffer the same fate, and there is consternation over the gorgeous Neuilly carnival in the height of the season in June. A great fear lies over the city, and Lépine, the Prefect, is determined to make another desperate effort to cleanse the city, which at the present moment is harbouring the most dangerous criminals of modern times.

Antiquities Made on the Spot.

When the relatives of the late Henri Pille called the attention of the police to the fact that spurious drawings said to be by the Master were being circulated, I fancy they had no idea of the hornet's-nest to be disturbed. “Henri Pille forged and imitated?” replied the dealers, calmly. “By the dozen. There are special studios where ‘faked’ works of modern artists are turned out by the hundred; particularly for the English and American market. These countries are the most easily gulled.” As the inquiry has proceeded, positive feelings of disaster have filled the breasts of collectors. Mummies are manufactured by the hundred at Clamart, and look more authentic than those asleep round the Nile for a few centuries. That glory of the German Empress's collection, the grand piano of Marie Antoinette, was knocked together in no time in an old curiosity shop in the Rue St. Lazare; a tenth of the world-famous Spitzer collection was bogus; and the highest art-critics declare that those Velasquez and Murillos in the Louvre that are regarded with awe are perfect swindles and are not thirty years old. Naturally, the great scandal is over: Ilena the artist's declaration that the Tiara of Saitapharnès, which the Louvre paid two hundred thousand francs for, was made by himself. In this connection, it is to the credit of the British Museum authorities to say that, when it was offered to them, they refused it without hesitation. It appears that the Baron Alfred de Rothschild was swindled to the

tune of forty thousand pounds by a Viennese “faker,” and it seems that before long much will be brought to light as to the real history of half the glories of public and private galleries the world over. Everything in the way of old blue china and ancient clay pottery is child's-play and is turned out by the ton. The English have the credit of manufacturing Etruscan ware in a way that terrifies experts. For the moment, Old Masters are at a discount and cameos and medallions smiled at suspiciously. One thing is certain, the Committee of the Museums is being grilled in caricature and song and *blague*.

At the Play.

The theatres are still doing record business, and nothing is a bigger success than “Heureuse,” with Réjané, whose rôle in the English adaptation is, I see, to be taken by Miss Marie Tempest. Skillfully adapted, it should be a success, complicated as the French views of divorce will appear to the English audience, to say nothing of the sheer “cussedness” of woman. The theatres are rising in wrath against the music-halls. In the old days, they had no more valuable asset than their winter *revue*. To-day, since English luxury in the hall and on the stage has supervened, their *revues* are dwarfed by the music-halls, where all can drink and smoke. I cannot see any way out of the difficulty, and it seems a little tit-for-tat for the halls' complaints over the “Florodora” venture at the Bouffes. The death of Lamy, who was destined to become Guitry's right-hand man at the Renaissance, is very tragic. He died in studying his rôle, and when they found him, three days later, his eyes were open, the manuscript in his hand, and a quiet smile on his face at some humorous passage which he was studying when the end came.

The Concours Hippique.

The Automobile Show in the Grand Palais netted more money in a few days than did the General Exhibition in as many weeks. It was a craze and the one fashionable rendezvous. Alas for the poor, discarded horse! I was down on the opening days of the Concours and pitifully deserted it looked. There was an air of the day before yesterday in the battered shields covered with flags that served for decorations. For the moment, the horse is a souvenir and not an actuality.

Arsène Houssaye.

The unveiling of the monument to Arsène Houssaye at Père Lachaise reminds me of a great grievance that he never tired of repeating to Foreign Correspondents. The author had an admiring student in London who learned by heart all his works. Then he sat himself down and wrote to Houssaye, as “Arsinus Houssaye, Esq.,” an enthusiastic letter.



MDLLE. OLITZKA, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN CONTRALTO.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

THE INTER-'VARSITY BOAT-RACE.

W. Dudley Ward (Coach).

2. P. H. Thomas.

5. J. S. Carter.

3. S. R. Beale.



R. H. Nelson (Stroke).

6. H. B. Grylls.

W. H. Chapman (Bow), President.

4. C. W. H. Taylor.

7. J. Edwards-Moss.

B. G. A. Scott (Cox.).

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

Photograph by Stearn, Cambridge.

E. P. Evans (Reserve).

4. F. S. Kelly

C. K. Phillips (Coach).

C. A. Willis (Bow).

2. A. K. Graham.



E. G. Monier-Williams (Stroke).

7. G. C. Drinkwater.

3. A. De L. Long (President).

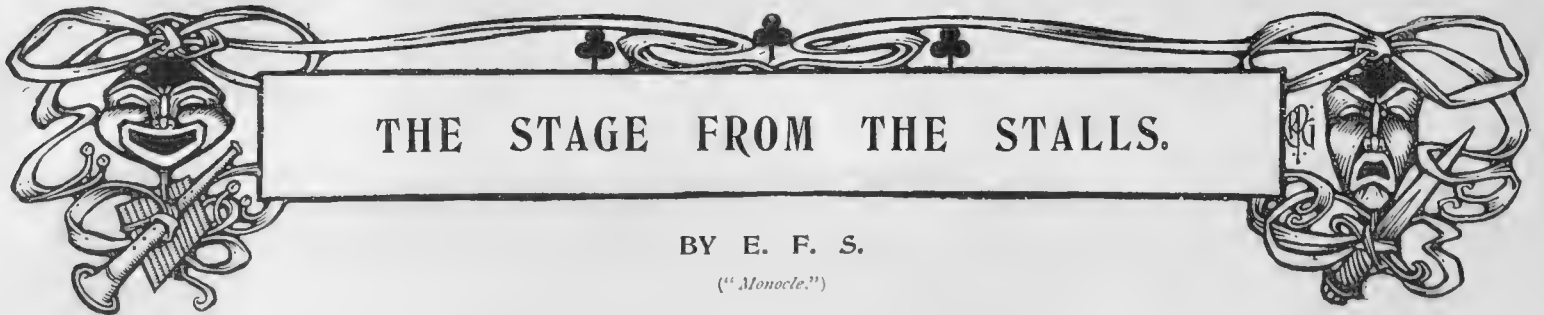
5. H. W. Adams.

6. D. Milburn.

F. T. H. Eyre (Cox.).

THE OXFORD CREW.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE ALTAR OF FRIENDSHIP"—"THE LONDONERS."

ONE thing that seems to me curious in "The Altar of Friendship" is the lack of anything to indicate the sex of the author. I doubt whether the shrewdest of us would have discovered from the style of writing that the name "Ryley" is preceded by the two pretty words "Madeleine" and "Lucette," and borne by a charming, talented woman. At first sight, this seems like evidence of merit, since all admit that there is truth in the proposition that art has no sex—a proposition, however, not universally correct. No doubt, in a very ambitious work an indication of the creator's sex is a flaw, since it means that intrusion of the subjective which involves a limitation; but works of humbler order demand a milder standard, and it is with regret that one feels there is nothing in the women who figure in "The Altar of Friendship" which reveals that more intimate knowledge of feminine character—rather than female nature—which should be the prerogative of writers of the fair sex. Roughly speaking, the heroines drawn by lady novelists have been truer and more interesting than those imagined or, at least, presented by the male writers, and, amongst dramatists, Mrs. Craigie, at least, has shown an obviously feminine insight into female nature. The explanation is simple. The characters in the new piece at the Criterion have not enough human nature to possess much sex. They are the old stage puppets in new clothes but hardly new situations.

There are two ways of writing plays—or rather, two and a-half. You may take a plot and work out a scenario, using something like A, B, and C as your characters, and then, when it is neatly arranged, you can endeavour to convert A, B, and C into human beings who are to do exactly what was done by A, B, and C. You very rarely succeed in making A, B, and C into human beings: they are so many Frankensteins at the best, and do not often have so much life. The second method, of course, is to conceive if you can—and few can—really human characters, bring them into some relation with one another, and let your plot be the outcome of it. The half-method is a compromise, and consists of starting with a general idea—not a plot—and trying to create characters to carry out the idea, leaving the actual plot or story to the working out of the characters. It is obvious, too, that there are all sorts of minor modifications of these methods. Number one, if you have a good plot, leads to the most successful, if not most meritorious, kind of piece; and it is, of course, possible that your A, B, and C may prove to be remarkably like life, but the chances are against this, and when they are not, your play, though it may enjoy a great success, does not live long, unless, indeed, it becomes part of the stock-in-trade of "star" actors and actresses, and even they nowadays show a tendency to abandon some of the old battle-horses. In "Mice and Men," Mrs. Ryley had an excellent general idea, which enabled her to present a far more natural set of people than appear in the new work, though even in the story of Mark Embury and his experiment there were some rather trying pieces of theatricality. "The Altar of Friendship" is pure puppet-show, very clever, very ingenious, and quite unconvincing. "People don't do such things" and people don't say such things is the obvious criticism. Yet one is not permitted to treat the play as a farce. The prodigious collection of squibs—some damp—and the scenes of melodrama refuse to mingle, and the piece suggested certain estuaries where you find salt and fresh water side by side, with the possibility of cod at home in the one and pike happy in the other. Even the squibs—not merely the damp ones—grow rather tiring, and the serious dialogue is fatiguing because it is overcharged with flowers of language. One is quite surprised to become weary of clever phrases and ingenious jokes; but, after all, to take a homely simile, one can have too many plums in a cake, and one may be unable to see the humour because of the jokes.

In a sense, the plot is good enough; indeed, it has already done honest service. A man takes advantage of the weakness of a pretty girl in the service of a friend, gets married to the friend's sister, and, when a scandal is created, induces the friend to pretend to be guilty. After this, the friend's own love affairs are imperilled by the scandal, but the guilty man refuses to confess and the girl will not tell the truth. The puzzle is to show how the truth will out, for, of course, it does. Such a theme is not easily to be handled, for it is difficult to keep back the truth when the parties come in contact. The most unfortunate machinery to adopt is the stage misunderstanding, and we had a surfeit of it; the next most unfortunate is the vow of secrecy, and we had a dose of that.

There was some good acting at the Criterion, if nothing wonderful. In fact, no player showed more than her or his accustomed skill, unless it be Mr. H. B. Warner, unusually good in the part of the false friend and false lover. A good deal of clever work was done without

due reward—for instance, by Miss Vera Beringer, who has developed into a very able young actress. Showy parts were given to Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Mr. Paul Arthur, who probably made the most of the laboriously comic characters allotted to them, and Miss Lilian Braithwaite struggled bravely with some cruelly artificial speeches. Mr. Mackintosh, who, somehow, seemed as if he belonged to quite another play, won a good deal of applause by his strenuous efforts as a kind of Adelphi melodrama convict.

There was something rather vexing about "The Londoners." Apparently Mr. Robert Hichens, whose book of that name has been adapted, personally directed the production of the piece at the Apollo—apparently, since the statement on the programme might mean that Mr. Whitestone, the adapter, directed the production; but I think not. Now, Mr. Robert Hichens is a clever man and admirable writer, even if his one dramatic venture, "Man and his Makers," written in conjunction with the late H. D. Traill, was not quite successful, and it seemed reasonable to imagine that "The Londoners" would be a clever play. It was a clever play, but not in the right way nor the expected way, for, whilst it may be praised as an ingenious jumble, or rather, rough-and-tumble comic business, there was very little to suggest that it owed anything to the labours of a man of letters. No doubt, there were some passages of comedy in the first Act, concerning Society and the boredom of it, which, even if received without enthusiasm, had merit and suggested the author of "The Green Carnation" and "Flames"; but the successful jests might well have been ascribed to the labours of the ordinary concocter of farces, who is little more than a pure or impure mechanician. In this case, I hasten to say, the "pure" mechanician, since, although there was a little kind of blind-alley passage, reminding one of a scene in "Mademoiselle de Maupin," or, to be more proper, in "As You Like It," the piece kept modestly aloof from "the knuckle," and there was nothing to grumble about in the *cul-de-sac* affair to which I refer.

However, we laughed, or, shall I say, guffawed a good deal, particularly when Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, representing a middle-aged modern beau, appeared in tatters and rags on a mule, and, of course, fell off it. By-the-by, playwrights are becoming a little indiscreet in their introduction of four-footed animals on the stage, for audiences are apt to pay more attention to the quadrupeds than to the bipeds of the piece. No doubt, these four-footed friends interest the house, and seem likely to be helpful, but, as a matter of fact, they "play for their own hands" and draw away attention from the scenes in which they appear.

The laughter was of a character which shows the observer that an audience is being amused by particular scraps of a work rather than interested by the piece, since there was no appearance of general growth in volume or intensity. For instance, we laughed in the last Act, when Mr. Wyes appeared with a black eye and torn clothes; we laughed when Miss Fanny Brough presented herself as a Duchess, with tousled hair, dirty face, and a rough cloth jacket over a blue dressing-gown; and we laughed when Miss Henrietta Watson came on, dowdy and damp, and Miss Florence Lloyd, soiled and unkempt, with a damaged straw hat, and so on. But there was no kind of progression in the laughter. The broad fact is, the piece has no plot, but merely two detached plotlets, one of which only starts when the play is half over and then becomes the dominant, and during this time one had been waiting for the development of the extravagant idea of causing Mrs. Van Adam to put on trousers and pass herself off as a man, so as to enter into the "upper succles" of Society—we heard a good deal about Society, real, *chic* Society; the people alleged to belong to it seemed remarkably like members of the middle middle-class. Nevertheless, there are some good jokes in the piece, and bad ones as well, and much of the comic business is effective, so that, if some clever person is employed to improve the construction, it might do very well. For it must be remembered that, in farce, construction is of vital importance, and in "The Londoners" the lack of it is the weak spot. The acting was better than one expects in experimental matinées, and yet several very clever people failed to make much of their parts. Certainly Miss Henrietta Watson was beyond reproach, for her work was very skilful—one of these days she will get a big chance, and I am convinced that she will rise to the occasion—and Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, who gave the matinée, presented an elaborate character-study and was very funny at first; but, unfortunately, though his part was fairly long, it had little bearing on the intrigues, and, for this reason, rather than for any lack of cleverness on his part, it became a little tiring. Miss Florence Lloyd must be praised for the skilful way in which she played the woman in trousers without being in the least degree offensive or—and more remarkable still—losing all her charm.



MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS; NOW PLAYING IN "RESURRECTION" AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

A QUARTETTE OF ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

IN spite of the fact that he is nearly eighty-three years of age, for he was born as long ago as 1820, Mr. James Sant still pursues the practice of his Art. His hand has lost no jot of its cunning, and he still paints with the wonderful strength which distinguishes the work of that other remarkable octogenarian, Mr. George Frederick Watts, who, however, is three years Mr. Sant's senior. Like so many of the other Academicians, Mr. Sant was, as a youth, a pupil of the Royal Academy, where he remained four years. One of the most important of his early works was undoubtedly the "Infant Samuel," which has been reproduced time and time again; while another not less well known is "The Soul's Awakening," which set a fashion, as it were, among the imitative painters, a great many of whom strove, by a mystic expression in the eyes of a young girl, to obtain the same popularity as that which Mr. Sant's very original work did, but failed signally. It is by no means uninteresting to recall that by Queen Victoria, who was so great a patron of foreign artists, Mr. Sant was held in high esteem, and he was Painter in Ordinary to Her late Majesty. No one

been engraved, and it is a peculiarity of the painter that he has confessed to preferring to look at an engraving of one of his pictures rather than on the picture itself.

There is probably no modern sculptor who has contributed more commemorative statuary to the history of our time than Mr. William Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., who achieved the distinction of being elected an Associate of the Royal Academy when he was only thirty-one. Among his most famous works are the statues of Queen Victoria in the Royal Exchange, Lord Granville in the House of Parliament, the Cromwell statue in Westminster about which so many angry passions surged at the time of its unveiling by Lord Rosebery, and the national monument to General Gordon in Trafalgar Square, a duplicate of which was made for Melbourne. Never, in all probability, did an artist have more difficulties to contend with than did Mr. Thornycroft with the Gordon statue, for he had never met Gordon and had to rely on photographs, though he sought information from those who knew his subject. What the brilliant result was is plain for everyone to see. Much of Mr. Thornycroft's early work was of a classical character, and "The Mower," which is in the Liverpool Gallery, was the first piece of work in the realistic school while his



HOSTESS: *Ah, Baron, this is indeed kind! I have so often heard of you, but never before had the pleasure of meeting you.*
 THE BARON (in his best manner): *Madame, I can claim to be equally fortunate.*

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.

who saw his wonderful head of Napoleon, painted when he was eighty, can ever forget it, for it was distinguished alike by imagination, majesty, and power, and was one of the most notable pictures of the year in the Academy.

The greatest animal-painter of our time is Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., who, though only sixty-two years of age, may yet claim the remarkable distinction of having celebrated his Jubilee both as an exhibitor and as a seller of pictures, for when he was eleven one of his canvases was hung at the British Institute, and when he was twelve he painted a "Robinson Crusoe" which sold for the very respectable sum of twenty pounds. Even at a much more tender age he was a constant student at the "Zoo," where he was given the artist's right of *entrée* at an age when he was too small to be trusted to go there alone. Even in those days his partiality was for the lions, and it is by no means improbable that, could a confession be obtained from the artist to-day, he would acknowledge that his taste remains constant to the King of Beasts. His first great success was, no doubt, made with "Circe," which was exhibited in 1871, and in the next year came the "Daniel in the Lions' Den," which probably settled his place among the then younger painters. Since then, each year has added to the tale of his pictures, many of which have

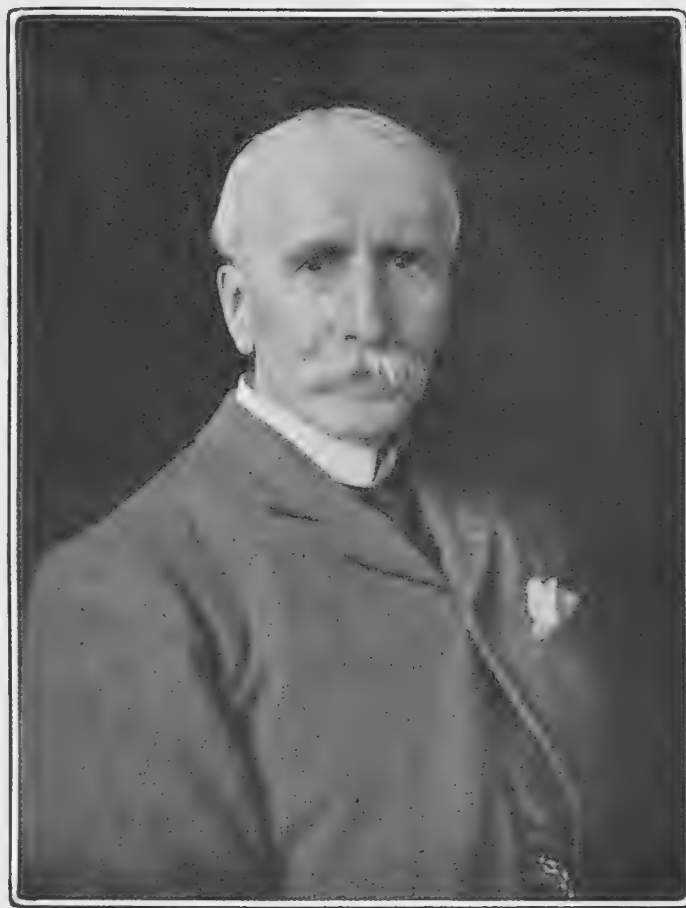
"Lot's Wife" was one of the earliest large statues exhibited at the Royal Academy. Mr. Thornycroft has been honoured by foreign Academies, and in 1900 he received the Medal of Honour of Paris.

Among the artists of our time Mr. Seymour Lucas holds the distinction of having been the first to receive a commission from the King after his Accession. It was to paint the reception of the Moorish Envoys who were sent by the Sultan to offer his congratulations to His Majesty. The reason for this choice was, of course, not far to seek, for Mr. Lucas has made historical and portrait work the concern of his Art. Perhaps his first success was with his picture of "The Armada in Sight," which is such a great success in its engraved form in black-and-white. Nor can it be forgotten that Mr. Lucas was one of the artists specially chosen to contribute to the decoration of the Royal Exchange, and his fresco, representing William the Conqueror granting his first Charter to the City of London, was commissioned by the Corporation and was unveiled some four years ago. Mr. Seymour Lucas is conspicuous among artists by reason of the fact that he married an artist, the painter of "Types of English Beauty" and other pictures which have been exhibited with such success. Mr. Lucas is a comparatively young man, for he is, happily for Art, still well on the sunny side of fifty-five.

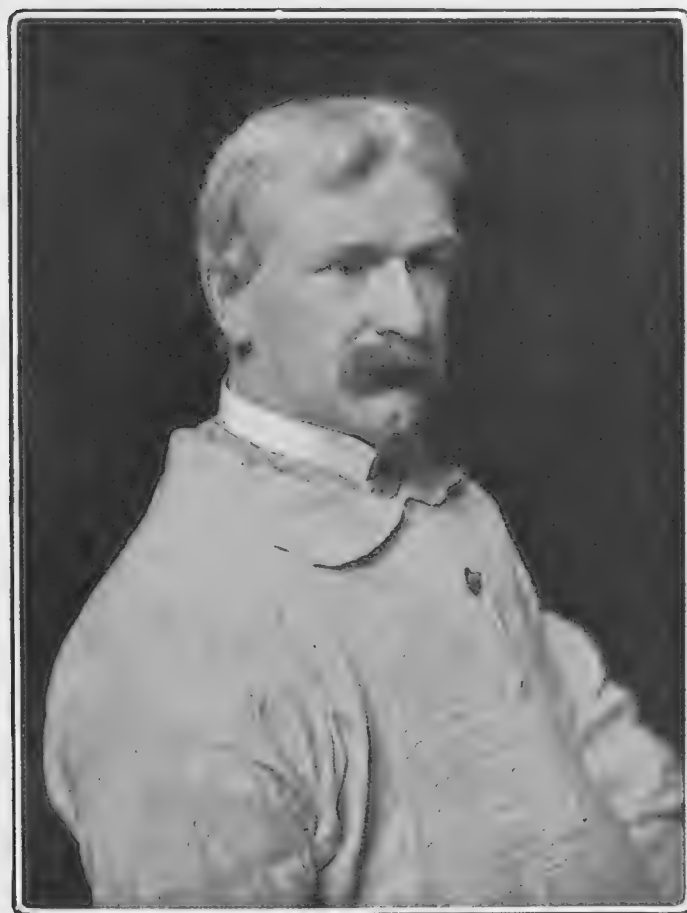
PORTRAIT STUDIES OF ROYAL ACADEMICIANS. (IX.-XII.)



MR. JAMES SANT.



MR. BRITON RIVIERE.



MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT.



MR. SEYMOUR LUCAS.

Photographs by Ernest H. Mills.

THE FOUR SEASONS AT BURNHAM BEECHES.



SPRING.



SUMMER.

Photographs by H. N. King, London.

THE FOUR SEASONS AT BURNHAM BEECHES.



AUTUMN.



WINTER.

Photographs by H. N. King, London.

NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

IX.—NEW YORK'S MILLIONAIRE SPORTSMEN.

SPORTING millionaires in New York take their pleasure rather seriously. The pursuit of gold is the game they like best.

There is no finer sport in the world, from the millionaire's point of view, than "cornering" the provision market or pooling all

the railways in the country. The elder members of the very wealthy American families, the Rockefellers, Goulds, Vanderbilts, Havermeyers, Astors, and their ilk, take little interest in sport proper, leaving the field to the possession of their sons and the younger generation generally. It is true, Rockefeller senior has a passion for golf. His favourite stamping-ground is Lakewood, New Jersey, where he lives in the summer-cottage of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Strong. Early on summer mornings, Mr. Rockefeller seeks the links. He always plays alone, though there are hundreds of persons belonging to Lakewood's smartest set who would prize the opportunity of playing golf with the richest man in the world. It is said in Lakewood that the reason Rockefeller plays alone is because he could not stand being beaten by anyone. After a few hours on the links, he takes a

an hour to pitch quoits with him. Golf and pitching quoits are about the only "sports" in which Rockefeller indulges.

A confirmed sportsman-millionaire of the most pronounced type is William C. Whitney. The horse is his hobby. Englishmen will recall that it was Whitney's Volodyovski that won the Derby in 1901. The retired millionaire is always seen at any race of importance within reasonable distance of New York. Another hobby of Mr. Whitney's, almost on a par with his love of horseflesh, is his fondness for interior house-decorations and paintings. His home at 871, Fifth Avenue, New York, is one of the finest private mansions in the world. Its pictures are famous.

Of the younger generation of sporting millionaires, perhaps the personality of Cornelius Vanderbilt is the most interesting. Young Vanderbilt takes a very earnest view of life. He is a fine civil and mechanical engineer, an inventor of prominence—his improved fire-box and boiler for locomotives being now used by many American



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, SOLDIER, SAILOR, AND INVENTOR.

light lunch at the pavilion. Rockefeller can eat practically nothing, a glass of milk with the white of a raw egg being all his doctors will permit. In the afternoons, Rockefeller pays a stable-boy two shillings



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT ON HIS YACHT.

railways—and he also excels as a military tactician. Merely on his merits in this last category he has won the Captainship of the Twelfth New York Regiment.

Young Vanderbilt goes into sport on purely utilitarian grounds: "to relieve brain-pressure," he says. Yachting is his favourite amusement. He is a skilful navigator, and knows how to handle a schooner-yacht under all conditions. He possesses a very fine sailing-yacht, and in the summer enjoys long cruises off the eastern Atlantic coast. His military work is also in the nature of a diversion.

Another sporting millionaire is E. H. Harriman. His fancy runs to horses. He owns some of the finest trotters in America, and his magnificent stables in New York are full of medals and blue ribbons. The Harriman wealth was amassed through the banking business; and, though it is not so enormous as that of the Vanderbilts and Rockefellers, it is considered one of the solidest fortunes in America. E. H. Harriman is the only member of the family whose inclinations are of a sporting character. He is not a sportsman of the mere looking-on type. He takes an active interest in training his own horses, and, on Sunday afternoons, enjoys personally exhibiting their fine points on New York's famous "Speedway" drive, where only the horses of "blue blood" stock are allowed.

Harry Payne Whitney, a millionaire in his own right, has some of the best-bred dogs in America. Beagle-hounds are his particular fancy, and he has done much to encourage the breeding of fine dogs in the United States. Many of his dogs are, however, imported from England.

James H. Hyde's special form of sport is coaching. Accompanied by young Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt, he has taken many "long-distance" drives, and his coaches hold the record for beauty and workmanship. Some of them are built after designs supplied by young Vanderbilt. Last year, a coaching-party was organised between New York and Philadelphia, and return, the Vanderbilt-Hyde coach winning the prize for speed and equipment.

W. B. NORTHROP.



JOHN CASWELL, A FAMOUS OWNER AND JUDGE OF DOGS.

Photographs by Lazarnick, New York.

NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

IX.—NEW YORK'S MILLIONAIRE SPORTSMEN.



HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY AND HIS PRIZE BEAGLES.



E. H. HARRIMAN, WHO DRIVES SOME OF THE FASTEST "TROTTERS" IN AMERICA.

Photographs by Lazarnick, New York.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, who is writing the authorised biography of the late General Wauchope, has already in his hands much interesting material. This has been supplied partly by Mrs. Wauchope, and partly by General Wauchope's brother officers, who are taking the keenest interest in the work. Sir George Douglas was intimately acquainted with the late General, and, in a speech delivered at Edinburgh, paid one of the finest tributes offered to his memory.

A new book has appeared, under the title "What is Meaning?" *The Academy* takes it for granted that "V. Welby" is Mr. Welby. I understand that the writer is Lady Welby Gregory, who published some years ago a book called "Links and Clues," by "V." In that delightful collection, "An Editor's Tales," Anthony Trollope tells of a Philosophical Club formed by some serious people. At a meeting, the reader of the paper announced his subject as "What is it To Be?" A profane person who had been inadvertently admitted replied, "A drop of something short," and the Club was ruined.

I hear that Mr. George Gissing's new novel is completed, and that it will be what is called a cheerful book. Whether this is good news or not, I am unable to say. Has Mr. Gissing, after all, ever given us anything finer or truer than "New Grub Street"?

One of the most spirited and satisfactory of recent achievements in publishing has been Mr. Murray's great and final edition of the works of Lord Byron. It was intended, at first, to comprise the edition within twelve volumes of about four hundred pages each, six being devoted to the Letters and prose works, and six to the poetry. The volumes have extended to an average of over 590 pages, and it has been found necessary to add a thirteenth volume. This volume will contain a complete bibliography and an exhaustive index. Mr. Murray is splendidly maintaining the best traditions of his firm.

There is no scholar about whom the conflict of opinion among experts is so keen as about Max Müller. Müller made for himself a great popular reputation and received innumerable honours; but Professor Whitney, about whose rank there is no dispute, said: "To me he is simply, with all his ability, one of the great humbugs of the century." A well-informed writer in the *Manchester Guardian* takes an intermediate view. He thinks that Müller did well during the former half of his life, but that the latter half was spent in living upon his reputation. He lost touch with modern scholarship, and spent his time in producing works which he should never have undertaken at all, or lectures and magazine articles in which he repeated himself. The love of money was probably the secret. He had £900 a-year for his Professorship, and was relieved of all lecturing within the University that he might devote his time to his work connected with India. Instead of doing this, he delivered four annual courses of lectures on religion in another University, which must have produced some £3000. For his work as Editor of the "Rig-Veda" he had from the India Office about £8000 in all. Few scholars have been so handsomely rewarded.

That the question "Have we any great men?" is so often put should be an indication of the saving grace of modesty. That Americans should put it is truly wonderful. One American writer points out that the history of American journalism seems to decide the question—

In the days of Greeley, Raymond, and the elder Samuel Bowles, the "plant" of a daily newspaper by no means a small affair was insignificant as compared with the men that made use of it. *The Tribune*, the *Times*, the *Republican* were names that stood for great business enterprise, for important news and advertising interests. But so entirely did the personalities of the men who conducted them dominate them

in every particular, that the public never thought of the businesses as such, but only of the men who wielded power through them. To-day we have newspapers that are larger, more enterprising, more varied, which employ machinery that would have staggered the imaginations of newspaper men forty years ago. But who knows or cares who owns or edits them? Great personalities have not appeared who are capable of wielding these larger means and opportunities of standing out supreme above them as did the men of earlier times.

How far does this apply to our own country? It will, perhaps, be admitted that there are great men nowadays in the world of finance—great in the sense of standing dominant above the means through which they work upon the public.

Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, who has already published so many Notes from his Diaries, is to supplement them by some biographical essays, which are to be entitled "Out of the Past." Sir Mountstuart does not see his way to undertake a biography. It is a pity, for no man could write more incisively and suggestively of political life in England when Gladstone was dominant. In his "Notes from a Diary," Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's peculiar powers are scarcely to be traced at all. He is much more than a collector of jokes and plants; he is a thinker and one of the sharpest of critics.

Dr. Greville Macdonald has written a book which will appear shortly dealing with the relations between science and religion. Dr. Macdonald, who is well known as a specialist, is a son of the famous novelist, Dr. George Macdonald, and on many points he would own himself his father's disciple. Dr. George Macdonald, who is now in advanced years, has spent the winter in his son's house at Haslemere. He is in fairly good health, but will never write again. I believe the very last thing that came from his pen was published in the volumes of *The Sketch*.

Messrs. MacLehose and Sons, of Glasgow, have undertaken a complete edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages*—"the prose epic of the modern English nation," as Froude called it. The last reprint appeared in 1885, but it is now very scarce and costly. I have seen a copy in the library of one of our most popular novelists. The Glasgow edition will be prefaced by an essay from the pen of Professor Raleigh, and there will be twelve volumes, illustrated from contemporary portraits. The Hakluyt Society are also to publish an edition which they announced two years ago, and they are not pleased with the undertaking of Messrs. MacLehose. But I fancy there will be no difficulty in selling both editions.

Mr. William Sharp is engaged upon an elaborate synthetical review of the whole range of the literatures of Southern Europe.

Another scheme which Mr. Sharp has on hand is an ambitious work of fiction on what may almost be called an epic scale. He is a constant traveller and has been living lately in the Sicilian Highlands.—O. O.

The proprietary rights of the *English Illustrated Magazine* have been acquired by Mr. T. A. Platt, a member of the well-known advertising firm of Clarke, Son, and Platt. Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. are the publishers, and the magazine, which commences a volume with the April number, will be conducted under entirely new editorial and managerial supervision. It is the purpose of the proprietor to bring the magazine up to the highest level of literary and artistic excellence, and among the many attractive features of the current number are the first published account in English of the Duke of the Abruzzi's Polar Expedition, written by William Le Queux; the first chapters of a new serial by Arthur W. Marchmont; a critical appreciation of Swinburne by Professor York Powell; and short stories by Robert Barr and Charles Marriott. In Mr. Swaffham's article, "Above the Clouds," some fine photographs of cloudland are reproduced, and an illustrated article on the curious craze for tattooing is contributed by Pat Brooklyn.



A STUDY BY W. D. ALMOND, R.I.

SIX NEW NOVELS.

"THE ICE-MAIDEN."

By LADY FRIVOL.
(Greening. 3s. 6d.)

One is getting not a little weary of books on "smart" Society, especially when they do not rise above the level of the type of novelette dear to the "nursery-maid." In "The Ice-Maiden" the preposterous account of Captain Melville's revenge on four so-called Society women is enough to condemn the book utterly, without the addition of such sentences as "the eyes weary with the bright enamels of vice," and "the tears rose unbidden and wandered down the living velvet of her cheeks." As for the characters, not one conveys any sense of reality.

"THE FRENCH MASTER."

By ALFRED WILSON-BARRETT.
(Ward, Lock, and Co. 3s. 6d.)

Mr. Alfred Wilson-Barrett's novel is frankly melodramatic, and, being so, would have been materially strengthened by more of what is known to stageland as the "hurries"—using the expression in a wider than the merely musical sense. After the first incident, which is "lurid" and mystifying enough to satisfy the most exacting connoisseur of such matters, the movement is slower than the type of story demands. There should be no half-measures in such a work if it is to prove successful; those to whom it is intended to appeal need continuous, chiefly physical, and highly exciting action. This Mr. Wilson-Barrett fails to supply in sufficient quantity, and consequently will, it is to be expected, lose the support of many who would otherwise have revelled in his book. It would be ridiculous to criticise "The French Master" as serious literature—it is obviously written with the sole object of entertaining for an hour or two—but one must protest against the irritating and continual adoption of italics as an aid to emphasis. So frequent is their use that it is scarcely exaggeration to say that, if the italicised words and sentences were placed in line, a very fair idea of the plot would be obtained. There is also a sudden and an unexplained change from the third to the first person after the forty-second page. Save that the heroine, instead of the hero, is falsely accused—or, to be exact, falsely accuses herself—conventionality stamps the whole production. Riga, the French Master, in particular, is the representative villain of the piece. The plot provides few pitfalls for the experienced reader. There is a slight doubt as to the precise method of the murderer, but it is so patent that all will be well in the end that there is a natural lack of sympathy with the heroine in her misfortunes.

"THE MACHINATIONS OF THE MYO-OK."

By CECIL LOWIS.
(Methuen. 6s.)

Mr. Cecil Lewis tells the story of a company of naïve deceivers, of which Maung Gyi, the Myo-ok of Myothit, a gentleman as childlike and bland as the Heathen Chinese, Maung So, his discreet clerk, Maung Pyu, transferred to Myothit, Maung Waik, sergeant of police, and Tun Win, an ex-dacoit, are the chief. They are all jugglers with lies, all strive to keep too many in the air at once, and all, in consequence, fail lamentably in their endeavours. The machinations of the Myo-ok himself are necessitated by the disappearance of four thousand rupees, for which, as township-officer, he is responsible; those of Maung So by the fact that he is the thief; Maung Pyu's by the accidental discovery of the missing money and the desire to conceal it; Maung Waik's by his attempt to steal while escorting boxes of supposed specie; Tun Win's by his fruitless effort, engineered by Maung Gyi, to drug and rob the escort. Thus it comes about that there is an elaborate money-changing that would puzzle the financial abilities of a Pierpont Morgan and sorely try the divination powers of a dozen Planchettes. The real cause of the trouble is never hidden from the reader, but the narrative loses nothing by this. A comedy with as many complications as a farce, it is vastly entertaining. The author never fails to amuse, and his studies of Burmese life and character are in every way admirable. It is regrettable that he should have deemed it advisable to write first in the third person, and then in the first, but it is a technical fault that is readily forgiven for the excellence of the story.

"THE ETERNAL WOMAN."

By DOROTHEA GERARD.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

It would not have been difficult to divine even without the publisher's note that "The Eternal Woman" was written as a serial, for it has all the faults of this form of publication. One is used to associate with the name of Dorothea Gerard a brisk flowing narrative in which high spirits and youth predominate; but here we have a somewhat lugubrious story spun out to so great a length that the author herself forgets what she has named one of her characters and re-christens Edith Grant "Ethel Grant" before she is half-way through. The governess in fiction—her dismissal from one family on account of the partiality exhibited for her by the son of the house—her departure from another on account of the wife's jealousy, and her ultimate marriage with some member of another family by whom she is engaged professionally—is not all this very *vieux jeu*? Perhaps the author considers that the latter-day novels have dealt so freely with the

artist, the typist, the bachelor girl, and so forth, that the governess has been laid by long enough to justify her reappearance. Decidedly this last book is not up to the standard of the author of "The Conquest of London" and "Holy Matrimony."

"MALLENDER'S MISTAKE."

By LIONEL PILKINGTON.
(Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

Mr. Pilkington tells us, with many exciting embellishments and only an occasional straining of probabilities, the story of an honest stock-broker and his fraudulent partner. Mallender's mistake was committed on settling-day in Riverport, a great Northern commercial town, and it consisted (to the public eye) of the scandalous absence from business of both partners of the renowned firm of Hardwood and Mallender. Hardwood's non-appearance was genuine enough, but Charles Mallender had levanted with about £45,000 of his clients' money, £3000 of which (Oh, wonder of wonders!) he carried with him in gold. Hardwood returned post-haste, faced the Committee of the Exchange, declared that his partner had been under a misapprehension and was away golfing, paid twenty shillings in the pound, out of his own pocket, was spared suspension, and went on with the business. But valuable bonds were missing, and their recovery forms an integral part of a story in which love, bigamy, pistols, drugs, and all the usual machinery of melodrama are rather ingeniously combined. Add one unprincipled doctor, two half-Spanish South American beauties, two creamy English girls, a detective or so, a rich valetudinarian, certain good fellows, one respectable Mayor of Riverport, brother to Charles Mallender and prime instigator of all the villainous scheme, and there is material for a noble imbroglio which sensational sentimentalists will thoroughly enjoy until the last page punishes vice and rewards virtue.

"A LAD OF THE O'FRIELS."

By SEUMAS MACMANUS.
(Isbister. 6s.)

The value of Mr. Seumas MacManus's latest work lies in its episodic character, for as an organically constructed novel it is somewhat lacking. In the short story Mr. MacManus excels, and each of his tender and vivid chapters might very well have served him as material for one of those moving and humorous *contes* which he knows so well how to write. The early days of Dinny O'Friel, his escapades with the other gossoons of the parish, and the whole setting of the piece are admirably managed, but the plot is of the slenderest and the lack of coherence somewhat mars the general effect. But within its limits the work is sound and of a most persuasive reality. The characterisation is sharp and clear; every actor is a personality, and his individuality is suggested and developed by no trick of labels. Even the pedantic utterances of the school-master avoid the hazard of tediousness and bespeak the man. Dinny and Nuala's gently idyllic love-story is not, to our mind, the most vital thing in the book. That quality lies in its spontaneous if somewhat garrulous humour, and its faithful portrayal of the life of a generous, emotional, and exquisitely imaginative people.

ON THE TABLE.

"Cornelius." By Mrs. Henry De La Pasture. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 6s.)—A modern love-story, but not too modern to have a happy ending.

"The Jade Eye." By Fergus Hume. (John Long. 6s.)—Jack Tyson, the hero, comes into possession of an idol with a jade eye, which brings much bad luck, although it contains diamonds. There is no lack of excitement in this story.

"A Prince of Sinners." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)—A very lengthy book written round "The Prince of Sinners," who is a political agent. Readers may expect a somewhat sulphurous tale, to judge from the title-headings, which include "The Man who Went to Hell," "Fifteen Years in Hell," and "The Marquis Mephistopheles."

"A Heroine of Reality." By Percy Vincent Donovan. (Greening. 6s.)—A somewhat unpalatable story of an inebriate mother.

"The Danger of Innocence." By Cosmo Hamilton. (Greening. 6s.)

"Horace on the Links." By C. J. B. and P. S. W. (Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.)—A little book of golfing verse inspired by Horace, although the author inclines to the belief that Horace would have made a poor golfer.

"Richard Rosny." By Maxwell Gray. (Heinemann. 6s.)—The tragedy of a step-father who takes to opium.

"The Queen's Quandary." By Samuel Gordon. (Sands. 6s.)—The story of a Queen who resigns sovereignty for love.

"Mr. Munchausen." By John Kendrick Bangs. (Grant Richards. 5s.)—"A true account of some of the recent adventures of the late Hieronymus Carl Friedrich, sometime Baron Munchausen of Bodenwerder, as originally reported for the Sunday edition of the *Gehenna Gazette* by its special interviewer, the late Mr. Ananias." Amusingly illustrated by coloured drawings.

"John Jonathan and Mr. Oppen." By F. Oppen. (Grant Richards. 2s.)—A clever set of drawings by the author of "Our Antediluvian Ancestors," mostly striking the American note, as they first appeared in the *New York American and Journal*.

"Told by the Death's Head." Translated from "Maurus Jokai" by S. E. Boggs. (Grant Richards. 6s.)—The hero is a gunner in the seventeenth century. There is much magic and witchcraft and exchanging bodies in this story.

"Coaching Days and Coaching Ways." By W. Outram Tristram. (Macmillan. 2s.)—Innumerable drawings by Hugh Thomson and Herbert Railton illustrate most charmingly this little volume.

"A Branded Name." By J. Bloundelle Burton. (Methuen. 6s.)—A story of the beautiful mother of a still more beautiful daughter.

"Hither and Thither." Songs and Verses. (Longmans, Green. 5s.)



KING SOL THE JESTER—AND SOME APRIL FOOLS.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

LONDON STREET STUDIES.

BY EDWARD KING.



VIII.—THE ORANGE-WOMAN.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

SISTER JULIA.

By G. B. BURGIN.



We never could find out whether she had any brothers, but were compelled to take it for granted that she was what Mamma

calls "all right." It turned out afterwards that she was very far from being all right, as Eulalia, to her cost, discovered. But, when she came to see Mamma, and said that she had fallen in love with Eulalia and would nurse her like a sister, Mamma looked into Nurse Julia's eyes—magnificent eyes they were, too—and felt that she could trust her.

From the way Mamma turned to me, it appeared as if I ought to have offered to nurse Eulalia myself; but as Eulalia was very ill, and I knew nothing about nursing, it seemed hardly a fitting moment to select for the purpose of carrying out amateurish experiments at Eulalia's expense. Then it occurred to me to look into Sister Julia's magnificent black eyes.

The result was not bad for a girl of nineteen, as I speedily came to the conclusion that if I were engaged to a man, and Sister Julia took a fancy to him, my engagement would be broken off in a very short time. There was a mesmeric influence about Sister Julia's lovely eyes which made me feel as if I were a frog about to be swallowed by a very thin, graceful snake. Sister Julia had lovely teeth, dark hair, and exquisite lips. Her chin, however, was badly hung, and that gave me some comfort. A growing girl always feels at a disadvantage when surveying the charms of an exquisitely beautiful woman a few years older than herself. But, in spite of her beauty, I did not like Sister Julia, and was equally certain that she did not like me. It seemed to me what our Vicar calls "a merciful dispensation of Providence" that we were human beings and not frogs or snakes, for I felt sure that in the lower scale of creation my days would have been very short indeed.

I ventured, somewhat hesitatingly, to confide this view of Sister Julia to Mamma; but Mamma said that my remarks showed a very sinfully envious and disparaging spirit, and that, if I were younger, she would feel it her duty to make me learn a chapter in Corinthians. As one of my objects in growing up had been to avoid learning Corinthians at any cost, I steadfastly refused to consider myself still in the school-room, and Mamma, with a sigh, changed the subject.

When I came to think the matter over—Sister Julia, I mean, not Corinthians—it seemed to me that Sister Julia's credentials, although dated from Harley Street, were in such illegible writing that they might have been Coptic as far as we were concerned. However, we rather pride ourselves on knowing most things, and the mere fact of our being unable to read Sister Julia's testimonials made us the more anxious to pretend that we knew all about them and her. But, as I said before, we did not. It takes time to discover all the ins-and-outs of people's characters, particularly the outs.

It is so confusing, when telling a story of this kind, to get at the beginning of things. Eulalia declared that the beginning was when she first met Arthur Verulam and they took to slumming together in the East-End of London. Arthur had been promised a family living later, and, when he asked Eulalia if she would be the gentle dove whose upward flight should lure him to empyrean realms (I think that was the phrase he used. I know that Eulalia, when breaking the news to me, said, with all the confidence of an elder sister, that "Arthur puts

things so very beautifully"), Eulalia consented to be the historical bird in question, and, metaphorically speaking, to set out in Arthur's society for the vaguely geographical destination at which he had hinted. In pursuance of this determination, Eulalia, for the first three months of her engagement, wore dove-coloured garments. (You know the kind of thing that novelists always put in their books because they cannot describe a girl's dress.) Unfortunately, Eulalia's dove-coloured draperies didn't wear well in the slums, and her bills became so extravagant that Mamma tearfully remonstrated with her on the subject. So Eulalia got a dark serge, which was more useful, although, as Arthur said, only he put it more beautifully, the fair dove looked as if she had moulted and turned into a neat little useful hen.

But, after three months' slumming, the fair dove came home with a flushed face and a sore throat. The next day she was worse, and the day after typhoid declared itself in that unpleasant way in which illnesses generally make their appearance when it is not convenient to have them.

For a fortnight, it looked very much as if Eulalia would wing her flight away from us to those "empyrean realms" which I have just mentioned. Poor Arthur—we all learned to love him very much in this crisis—used to sleep on the mat outside her door, and run for the doctor, and mix things, and pour out medicine, and comfort Mamma when she drooped. (Mamma has a habit of drooping in emergencies, and it does take so much time to stiffen her up again.) At length, however, as Mamma put it—although we had the very best medical advice—"owing to the efficacy of prayer" Eulalia slowly came back to us, and Arthur would sit holding her right hand in his right hand for the hour together, with an expression of rapt delight on his æsthetic countenance, and a thermometer in his left hand—I think it's a thermometer; you know the thing the doctor puts into your mouth and tells you not to bite while he tests your temperament, or temperature, or whatever it is.

Well, Arthur would sit clasping Eulalia's wasted little hand in his big paw, and holding on to the thermometer at the same time in case of emergencies. But, after a fortnight of this sort of thing, the doctor said that Eulalia had better be taken to Folkestone and get all the ozone—I think he said ozone; the stuff they put into sea-air for invalids—she could before her marriage. So Arthur and Eulalia, with a kind of rapt expression on their faces, sat for hours looking at the sea and their future at the same time, whilst he told her how he meant to be a Bishop some day, and she said that, although the Archbishop of Canterbury was such a good-looking man, yet she felt Arthur was more adapted for a position of responsibility like that, and hoped that he would not be content with a mere Bishopric, but aspire to something greater. Then, to oblige her, Arthur would promise to aspire, and read Eulalia to sleep.

He was so accustomed to intone "services" that it was awfully funny to hear him read "Ivanhoe" in the same way, and bring himself up with a jerk lest he should say "Here endeth the first lesson" at the end of a chapter. However, as Eulalia always went to sleep, she never noticed this, but said that "dear Arthur was so inexpressibly soothing." Unfortunately, Sister Julia found him "inexpressibly soothing" also. And that reminds me, I haven't yet told you a word about Sister Julia except that I hated her from the first and feel quite sure that she got what she deserved when I hit her with— But, stop a moment! "Let all things be done decently and in order," as that "inexpressibly soothing" Arthur is so fond of saying when I am in a hurry and can't stop to put them away.

In a little while, Arthur had to return to town and could not look after Eulalia, so Mamma put an advertisement into the local paper for

a nurse. This story would never have happened had not the future Archbishop taken it into his head that he must see the woman who was to look after his treasure. That was how he and Sister Julia first met. She fixed her great, glittering black eyes on him and mesmerised the man. Her long lips worked convulsively and she screwed her hands tightly together. Of course, Mamma said afterwards that this was all my imagination. Just as if, at the age of nineteen, I should have imagination enough to invent a thing like that! Besides, when a woman says that Arthur's reading reminds her of Heaven—I'm sure Sister Julia didn't know much about Heaven—it is time to begin to look after her.

As soon as Arthur heard Sister Julia speak of his reading in such flattering terms, he felt quite sure that she would make a most admirable nurse for Eulalia, and went back to Slumland in order to become a Bishop as fast as possible.

Eulalia was not well enough to write to Arthur, so Sister Julia wrote for her. Then Sister Julia took to "running up to town" on mysterious business, and calling on Arthur. I had to attend to Eulalia instead of cycling, and, although I am not more selfish than most girls of nineteen, it seemed to me rather absurd to pay Sister Julia for running up to town to see Arthur whilst I did all her work, and got nothing for it except an occasional threat from Mamma about Corinthians when I made mistakes. The way Mamma held Corinthians over me was simply immoral, and I told her so afterwards when all the trouble happened.

Even when Eulalia became well enough to write to Arthur, Sister Julia still continued to run up to town to see him. At first, she deceived Arthur by hinting that she had "spiritual wants"; but when he found she always took his hand in hers and pressed it tightly for more than ten minutes at a time, he began to have his doubts, and told me all about it.

"You mustn't fancy I'm a conceited man, Madge," he said to me one evening when he had come down to see us at Folkestone, "but I—I really think that extraordinary woman has taken a fancy to me, notwithstanding the fact that the sacredness of my engagement should protect me from such—such advances. What do you think of her?"

"She's a black-eyed wretch!" I said, indignantly; "but, if all you High Churchmen will turn up your fine eyes in such a lackadaisical way and hear semi-confessions, you must expect this sort of thing. Why don't you get Mamma to send her away?"

"I—I think she's a bit mad," he said, dreamily. "She listens to

my remonstrances with such rapt attention that it seems wrong to take the bread out of the poor creature's mouth. She worships Eulalia; she told me so."

"That's much nicer and far less complicated than worshipping you," I said, somewhat roughly; for men are such conceited creatures, and I could see that he was thinking of what I had said about his eyes. The future Archbishop had been a good deal spoiled by his own sisters, and I made up my mind that very moment he should not be spoiled by his future sister-in-law, if I could help it.

But he could not bring himself to speak to Mamma about Sister Julia, and one day I found Eulalia crying softly. "It's—it's very silly of me, Madge," she cooed, "but I—I'm afraid of Sister Julia. She looks at me so strangely with those great, glittering eyes of hers. She told me yesterday that I stood between her and her soul's salvation. What did she mean?"

"It's news to me that she has a soul, but I think she means Arthur," I said, savagely, and went straight to Mamma.

It was astonishing how easily, for once in my life, I succeeded in "stiffening" Mamma; for she had just received a telegram from Arthur to the effect that Sister Julia wanted him to elope with her, and he felt quite sure that she was no longer fitted to look after Eulalia.

"I had no idea," said Mamma stonily to Sister Julia, in the parting interview, "that I had fostered such a seaside serpent. Go away and repent, you wicked woman, you!"

"If he will not marry me," said Sister Julia, who evidently did not like being called a serpent, seaside or any other variety, "he shall not marry Eulalia. As for Miss Madge" (she looked at me in a way which sent a shiver down



[DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.]

Arthur would sit clasping Eulalia's wasted little hand in his big paw.

"SISTER JULIA."

my spine), "if she should fall ill, she knows how delighted I shall be to nurse her."

"Oh, I know!" I said, angrily; "but I'd rather take prussic acid at once than have you kill me by degrees, even if you came to my funeral in your most becoming uniform."

The woman was always exquisitely dressed in saintly, flowing things to tone down her blazing eyes.

"Madge," said Mamma, "go to your room. Fourth of Corin—"

"Well, I'm not going, Mammy," I said, stoutly. "I want to see this woman leave the house before she does any more mischief. Eulalia's thoroughly upset."

"She shall be more upset before I've done with her," said Sister Julia, and curtsied to Mamma à la Mrs. Brown-Potter to the Cardinal

in "The Three Musketeers." I felt sure that she was branded somewhere, or else must have been in a lunatic asylum.

After Sister Julia had gone, Mamma sat down and wrote a severe letter to Arthur. She said if he ever spoke to this seaside Delilah again, he must consider his engagement to Eulalia at an end. Then she burst into tears and hoped she had not been hard, but could not help confessing these well-dressed nurses were very dangerous. She cried so that she could not see to put the stamp on the envelope, and I had to lick it for her—the stamp, I mean.

Of course, the letter brought Arthur down at once. Nothing but an immediate marriage would satisfy him, and Mamma gave way, burst into tears, and asked what a special licence would cost. Then Arthur said that they must be married in the usual way, and spend the amount that a special licence would cost on his poor people in Bethnal Green, as a sort of thanksgiving offering that he and Eulalia had not been parted.

After that, I began to be afraid of Eulalia, she looked so happy, and never even noticed when I took more than my share of cream at afternoon-tea. She crawled out every day at three to spend an hour in the nearest church, and would not allow anyone to go with her. Somehow, it seemed as if she had entered another world, and I can remember wishing for the whole of one afternoon that I had a future Archbishop to look after me. It must be so comforting to have a clergyman always in the house to make up one's mind and take all the moral responsibility. Then I thought what a duffer Arthur was at cycling and tennis, and went off to practise for the tennis tournament. After all, if one has to fall in love, it is much better not to worry about it until you can't help doing so.

As I came back from my tennis, I noticed a crowd of people standing at the entrance of the church where Eulalia spent her afternoons. It astonished me so much to see a crowd in Folkestone that I hurried up to the church, just in time to discover Eulalia being hauled, half-fainting, into a cab by Sister Julia, and heard the crowd exchanging compassionate remarks.

"Ah, pore thing, she don't know 'ow bloomin' mad she is!" said one comfortable-looking woman to another comfortable-looking woman.

"'Ow she do scream and rave and go on and call for her pore Par!" said another.

"It takes them nurses all they can do to look after gals like that," said another woman. "And she does use such long words, too—something about a conspiracy."

"The madder they are, the more innercent they looks," said another elderly matron. "I remember, when my Uncle 'Enery was took that way, he just stood 'olding the door-knob and twistin' it for howers; and all he said was—but, p'raps, Mrs. Martin, I'd better not tell you what he said."

"If it's anything like what he says now he's all right again, Mrs. Liversedge, Mum, you'd better not," severely rejoined the other matron.

I succeeded in fighting my way half through the crowd just in time to see Eulalia make another desperate effort. "I am not mad!"

she cried. "This wicked woman is taking me from my friends! She wants to hide me!"

"There, there, pore dear, you go like a lamb, and she'll bring you back again. Take my advice and don't make a fuss, my dear. Nurse will look after you," said Mrs. Liversedge.

Eulalia made one more despairing effort. "I am not mad—indeed, I am not!"

Her excitement told against her, and Sister Julia made another determined effort to get her into the cab. "I am taking this poor, afflicted young lady back to her friends," she said, calmly addressing the crowd. "Of course, she doesn't know she is mad; but she is under my charge, and I shall be obliged if you will help me to get her into the cab."

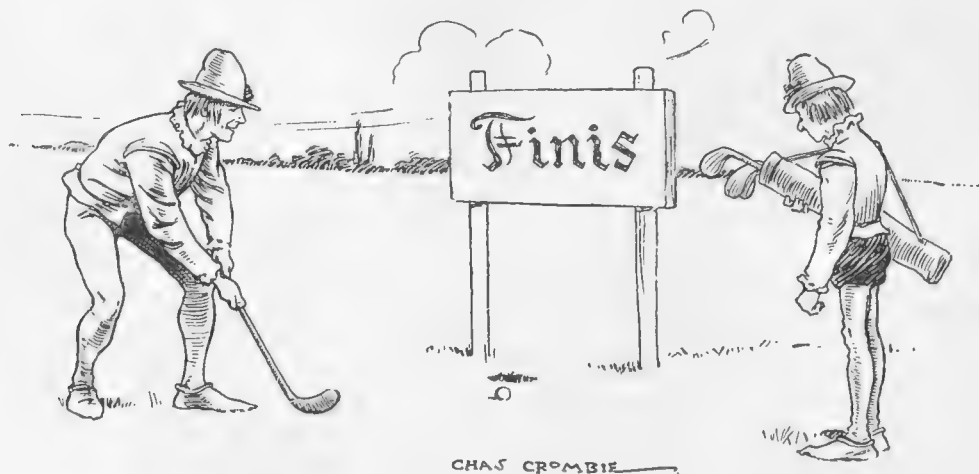
Mamma said afterwards that I was very wicked and unladylike. I had no time to think what I ought to do, for several people were taking hold of Eulalia to push her into the cab. Eulalia tried to be calm, but her poor lips trembled and she shook from head to foot. People argued that there was the nurse, who knew her business, and that it would be much wiser not to interfere. The girl was evidently as mad as a hatter, and, of course, she hadn't the sense to know it. They helped to pick up Eulalia, and she fainted in dead earnest, Sister Julia still hauling away at her wrist.

Arthur always says that, when I "serve" at tennis, I am almost masculine; for I am left-handed, and a long course of dumb-bells has given me far more muscle than a girl ought to have. He thinks it is rather unladylike to "serve" overhand. Even in my excitement I remembered this, as I burst through the crowd and struck Sister Julia full in the face with the tennis-racquet which I carried in my hand. She fell like a stone, and the next moment I had Eulalia's head on my lap and was busily fanning her with the racquet when a policeman came up.

Fortunately, he was a friend of mine—I know all the policemen in Folkestone—so he believed me, put Sister Julia into the cab, and drove away with her.

"You don't want this to get into the papers, Miss. You trust me," he said; and I trusted him. Mamma thinks it dreadfully unladylike of me to make friends with policemen, but if this one had not been a friend of mine the local papers would have got hold of the story. Afterwards, when she had time to think it over, Mamma was so pleased with his discretion that she gave the policeman a gold watch, and asked some political friends of hers to make him a sergeant.

Somehow, I got Eulalia home without attracting attention. Then I wired to the future Archbishop to come down at once and bring a detective with him to keep an eye on Sister Julia until after the marriage. But I need not have taken the trouble about Sister Julia. She had brain-fever and nearly died. When she got over the brain-fever, some relations appeared on the scene and took her away to Australia, where she spends most of her time in trying to mesmerise kangaroos and lullabys—no, I mean wallabys—and wombats, and creatures of that sort. Even my racquet could not knock any sense into her.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE Japanese play secured by Mr. Tree has been, like many of our new plays, made in America. It is entitled "The Darling of the Gods," and is the work of Mr. Dave Belasco, nephew of the late Mr. David James, and Mr. Luther Long, a graceful as well as powerful American story-teller. Mr. Belasco is, perhaps, best known to the English stage by his drama, "The Heart of Maryland," and his adaptation of "Zaza." It was Mr. Long who wrote the tale which furnished Mr. Belasco with the material for that fascinating Japanese drama, "Madame Butterfly." "The Darling of the Gods," which has been running since last December in New York, is a play which, when divested of its wonderful scenic effects and illusions, teems with melodramatic incidents.

Another fantastic drama which you may expect to see in London after a provincial trial-trip is one upon which Mr. Wilson Barrett is at present busily engaged. It is called "The Never-Never Land." This title is also the sub-title of Mr. Israel Zangwill's tragedy, the first name of which is "The Moment After Death." I may tell you that the play is as gruesome as the title. It is, however, a very powerful piece, as, I think, you will agree when Mr. Herbert Sleath, who has secured the English rights thereof, produces it.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new romance, "Lady Rose's Daughter," has not long escaped the attention of the dramatiser. I am informed that Miss Constance Fletcher (otherwise "George Fleming"), who so cleverly adapted "The Light that Failed," is adapting Mrs. Ward's story for Mr. Charles Frohman, who will produce the piece in America before trying it in London.

Speaking of adaptations, it may here be mentioned that, in addition to the newest "Oliver Twist"—now on view at the Grand Theatre, Islington—three versions of "David Copperfield" may be expected forthwith, namely, one by Mr. Wilson Barrett, one by Mr. Ben Landeck, and another by Mr. W. H. Day. Mr. Landeck is also preparing a dramatisation of "Barnaby Rudge," while Mr. Day threatens a stage version of "The Old Curiosity Shop," with haply one of our most important music-hall comedians as Quilp. In addition to all these plays, we are at Christmas to see a Dickens

pantomime, with Little Nell as a sort of Cinderella, and Micawber as her needy Papa.

I find that Sir Charles Wyndham has not yet been able to settle where he is to produce his newly acquired German play, which is at present called "The Blind Passenger." Sir Charles has, you see, let his Criterion to Mr. Frank Curzon, and his New Theatre to Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who will transfer "The Light that Failed" thereto on or about April 20. Mr. Forbes-Robertson has just told me that he is delighted with Sir Charles's new playhouse, as it is one of the only very new theatres which contain a proper "acting stage."

When Mr. George Edwardes produces the new German comic opera, "Madame Sherry," at the Prince of Wales's, it will not surprise me to find the three leading feminine characters sustained by Miss Ida Rene, Miss Hilda Moody, and Miss Florence St. John.

Miss Florence Bradford gave an evening recital a few days ago at the Steinway Hall, assisted by various artists. Miss Bradford recited Christina Rossetti's "A Royal Princess" and Mark Twain's "Mark Twain and the Interviewer" with some delicacy and considerable humour. Miss Zoë Mercier and Herr Heinrich Dittmar played Grieg's Sonata in C Minor for pianoforte and violin. Mr. Arthur Mortimer sang "Those Azure Eyes," and Miss Rose Hulbert sang "Love's Coronation," neither composition being of any particular interest; but they had a decent success.

Mr. Josef Holbrooke gave the first Chamber Concert of his present series at the Steinway Hall a few days ago. He is a composer who has very high ideals. In his Quintet (No. 3) in F Minor, Mr. Holbrooke himself took the pianoforte part, being assisted by Mr. John Saunders, Mr. Charles Woodhouse, Mr. B. Withers, and Mr. Charles Winterbottom. What Mr. Holbrooke lacks is variety, insisting as he does so far upon the mournful side of music that his sense of contrast becomes somewhat defective. Nevertheless, Mr. Holbrooke has succeeded in composing a most effective work. He also played a Sonata by A. Scriabine and a Fantaisie Orientale, "Islamey," by M. Balakireff.



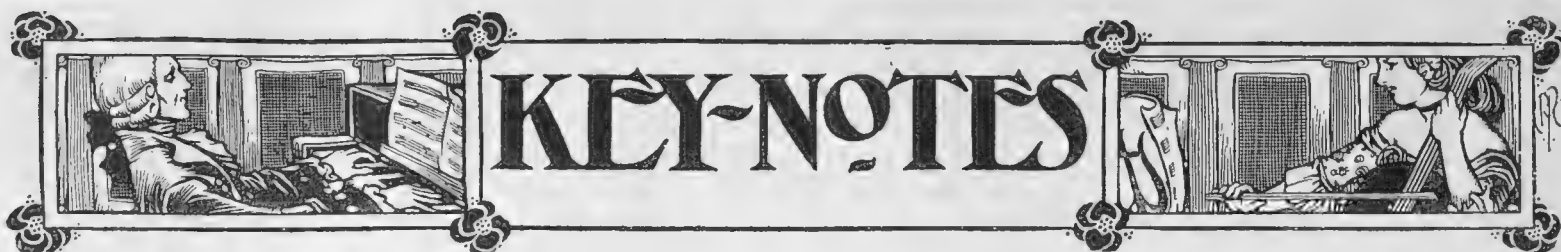
MISS MADGE CRICHTON.

MISS HILDA MOODY.

MISS DELIA MASON.

THE "THREE LITTLE MAIDS" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

A Dressing-Room Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



KEY-NOTES

THE Royal Choral Society's concerts are always interesting, often for artistic, always for historical, reasons, and the other evening Sir Frederick Bridge gave a very fine performance of Dr. Frederic Cowen's "Coronation Ode," a fine piece of work, full of "go" and spirit; the Chorus took up the feeling of the thing in splendid style. Miss Helen Jaxon sang the part of the soprano solo

"it would be difficult for anybody with even quite a long musical memory to recall anything so definitely associated with triumph since Paderewski's early successes," Miss Hall has gone from success to success. She has been accorded a most enthusiastic welcome at the Town Hall, Newcastle; the city where she used to play in the streets as a little child, and offers for concerts have been pouring in from all parts of the world. Like Herr Kubelik, Miss Hall studied under Sevcik, of the Prague Conservatoire.

Madame Suzanne Adams, in private life the charming wife of Mr. Leo Stern, the violoncellist, is the first of the Covent Garden prima donnas to arrive in London. Like many of the Opera "stars," she hails from America, being a native of Cambridge, Mass., the seat of Harvard University. She made her debut at the Grand Opera House, Paris, as Juliette in 1896, since when she has each season been regularly engaged at Covent Garden. Both she and her husband are the most enthusiastic of automobilists; indeed, it may be said that they were among the first to adopt this pleasant mode of locomotion. During the London Season it is no unusual sight to see them piloting their pretty car through the crowded traffic of the Strand on their way to and from the Opera House.



MISS MARIE HALL.

Photograph by Burrell, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

with spirit and sweetness. The second part of the programme was given over to Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend," again conducted by Sir Frederick Bridge. In "The Golden Legend," Sullivan brought all his musical genius to the fore, and from the opening chorus to the final bar there is really no suggestion of commonplace. Mr. Ben Davies sang exceedingly well, and Miss Macintyre and Miss Florence Bulleid both worked with distinction. Mr. Dan Price, in the part of Mephistopheles, sang with a sort of malevolent dignity.

Despite the authoritative announcement of an evening paper to the effect that Richard Strauss had agreed to conduct at the Metropolitan Opera at New York, there is no truth whatever in the rumour. In our own column of "Key-Notes," we voiced the same contradiction a little too sweepingly in the words "so Richard Strauss may not be going to New York." Mr. Hugo Görlitz, who is Mr. Strauss's agent, assures us that Mr. Strauss will conduct twenty orchestral concerts in the United States in March 1904, and that, on the part of Mr. Strauss, the same agent has declined an opera season of conducting for that musician there in the same year. "Common Chord," in announcing the possibility of Richard Strauss's not going to New York, stated that the source from which he had received his information "had not invariably proved to be accurate." He may state emphatically that the source here referred to was not Mr. Görlitz. He may assure that gentleman that never for a moment in writing the paragraph was the "sole agent and manager for Kubelik" in the mind of the writer, who sincerely apologises for unwittingly hurting Mr. Görlitz' feelings.

COMMON CHORD.

The romantic story of Miss Marie Hall has been the theme of so many newspaper paragraphs that it is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon it in these pages. Suffice it to say that, since her recent appearance at St. James's Hall, when "Common Chord" wrote that



MADAME SUZANNE ADAMS.

Photograph by C. M. Hayes and Co., Detroit, United States.



The Motor Show—Gordon Bennett Racers—Repairs and Adjustments—A Double Tonneau Maudslay Car.

THE Agricultural Hall Show which closed its doors last Thursday must, I think, be written down a fair success from a business point of view, which, I fear, cannot be affirmed of the exhibition run by the Stanley Cycling Club at Earl's Court. Mr. Cordingley's exhibition was not remarkable for the staging of any startling novelty, particularly with regard to foreign cars, but several minor English firms displayed vehicles which showed considerable advancement and originality in design. The New Orleans 14-16 horse-power car was fitted with a four-speed gear in which the drive was direct on the fourth, and no pair of gear-wheels within the gear-box was then in engagement. That means that the secondary gear-shaft, with its four pinions, is at rest when the car is being driven on its top speed. I do not recall any other gear in which this desirable feature has been present, and I think the New Orleans people are the first to achieve

7 ft. 10 in., and the gauge 4 ft. 5½ in. Nor does this, the first of the 1903 Napier cracks, differ largely from that driven to victory by Mr. S. F. Edge last year, but I was informed that there are several improvements in detail.

Here, there, and everywhere are springing up establishments which their proprietors are fain to dignify by the name of "Motor Works," but I would caution my readers who are car-owners that they should make careful inquiry as to the knowledge and experience of the people who run these places before they entrust to them their valuable carriages for adjustment or repair. I have heard on more than one occasion of expensive cars being brought to the verge of ruin by the meddling of ignoramuses whose only qualification as automobile mechanics has been some slight, often very slight, knowledge of driving, or a superficial



A TWENTY-FIVE HORSE-POWER DOUBLE-TONNEAU CONSTRUCTED BY THE MAUDSLAY MOTOR COMPANY TO THE ORDER OF MR. F. W. WEBB, OF THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

this simplification. Messrs. Peto and Radford showed an accumulator in which the electrolyte took the form of a paste formed of sulphate of lead and the usual solution of sulphuric acid. The convenience of the accumulators being charged with a paste in lieu of a fluid is obvious to all.

The first of the Napier Gordon Bennett cars is out of the constructor's hands, and has already been severely tested by both Mr. S. F. Edge and Mr. Charles Jarrott on the road. These experts have expressed themselves as delighted with the speed and behaviour of the first of the British champions, which, with its long motor-bonnet, low-set bucket-seats, and raking tail, all gay in bright emerald-green—the colour chosen to distinguish the cars doing battle for the United Kingdom—looks all over a flyer of the first water. I fear I cannot say that the vehicle is beautiful in any other eyes than those of an automobilist, who can realise the immense power beneath that huge expanse of motor-bonnet and its probable effect on those rear-wheels when really let loose. The car does not impress one by its size; indeed, it would appear almost insignificant beside its grandfather, the old 50 horse-power Napier which set the French folk marvelling three years ago. The wheel base is not more than

training in cycle-repair. Now, apart from the matter of purchase; I would suggest that, when repairs or adjustments are required, the car-owner should resort to a good and reputable firm.

So long has it been the fashion to praise foreign cars at the expense of those built in this country that many motorists seem to ignore the fact that, though foreign builders were given such a long start, the cars now sent out by many English firms can challenge comparison with any in the world. A notable instance is that of the Maudslay Motor Company, whose cars are most highly finished and have several features which are decided advantages on anything to be found in foreign motors. The Maudslay Company have just completed the car illustrated on this page, to the order of Mr. F. W. Webb, Chief Mechanical Engineer to the London and North-Western Railway. It is built to carry four persons in the tonneau portion, the two seats in the forward end, however, being removable, thus allowing space for luggage if necessary, and it is provided with curtains of khaki drill completely enclosing the tonneau. The speed at normal revolutions is thirty-five miles per hour, and the car is fitted with mechanically operated valves, honeycomb radiator, and all the latest improvements.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Lincoln—Two-Year-Olds—The City and Suburban—Racecourse Shares—Sceptre.

THERE was a record attendance at the Lincoln Meeting, and great credit is due to Mr. W. J. Ford for the improvements made since last year to the rings and stands. All the same, there should be further additions to the stand accommodation, for hundreds of people who paid to see the race for the Lincoln Handicap saw nothing of the contest. The three favourites, Mauvezin, Sceptre, and Our Lassie, cut up indifferently. The first-named did not like the soft going, Sceptre was not quite fit, and Our Lassie went amiss, soon after arriving at Lincoln. Over Norton was running away from Portcullis, a very fast miler, and Ypsilanti, who is bound to win a big handicap later on. The winner was my first choice for the Liverpool Spring Cup last year, and, had he won that race, as he should have done, he would, I feel sure, have been given another stone for the Lincoln Handicap this year. When the weights came out for the last-named event, the public made Over Norton and Portcullis favourites—not bad picking. Then the last-named was badly beaten in a home trial, while Over Norton changed hands for £800. All the same, I am told the little punters won well on the race, and the Continental List men would have been hard hit had they not hedged at the last moment. Handicapper ran like a rogue, while Nabot and Watershed cut up indifferently.

The youngsters that ran in the Brocklesby are a moderate lot, and I doubt if we shall see a really good two-year-old on a racecourse before the Ascot Meeting. His Majesty the King has several young horses of promise in Marsh's stable, but they will not come to hand before June, and John Porter is not likely to show us anything of promise until the Ascot Meeting takes place. The open winter did not make the old-fashioned trainers relax their rule of exercising patience with their young horses, and a good job too, as the book shows us year after year that two-year-olds hurried in the spring are seldom any good in the following autumn. Indeed, I think the time is not far distant when 'cute trainers will decline to run their classic horses until they are three years of age. This plan was successfully adopted in the case of Common and many other good animals of the past. On the other hand, the late Robert Peck started The Bard in sixteen two-year-old races and he won every one of these. The Bard was a very small horse, and, perhaps, Mr. Peck thought it wise to let him win while he was able to do so. True, the outings did not impair his speed or stamina, and he would have easily captured the Derby had Ormonde been kept at home. I do not, however, believe in overworking our two-year-olds, and I am very glad that the leading trainers are of the same opinion.

The race for the City and Suburban does not take place until April 22, but there has been plenty of speculation on the event. Lord Carnarvon may have a dangerous candidate in Robert le Diable, who was favourite for the Cambridgeshire in the early betting, but did not run. Robert ran well in last year's Derby when not quite fit. He is now called upon to give 5 lb. to Pekin, who cut up so badly for the Blue Ribbon, for which he actually started first favourite. Pekin is a useful colt, but he has a vile temper. If Mrs. Langtry were to decide to run Smilax for the City and Suburban, this unbeaten filly would, I think, start first favourite. She is given 7 st. 8 lb. only to

carry, which is, I should say, an unfortunate slip on the part of the Handicapping Triumvirate, as surely the class of the two-year-old filly last year was a bit above the average. Another three-year-old that may be busy at Epsom is Uninsured, who last year ran like a stayer. He is trained at Netheravon by Fallon, who knows his business well. At present, I do not fancy any of the horses that ran at Lincoln for the City and Suburban, and I shall divide my vote between Pekin and Smilax. As the last-named is not in the One Thousand nor in the Oaks, I should think the filly would be started for this race. There should be a record crowd to see the race, and Mr. H. M. Dorling has made every arrangement to accommodate a very large attendance.

It is now possible to get from the Mansion House to the Hurst Park racecourse by "Tube" and electric tram for eightpence, and it can be taken for granted that big crowds will assemble at the meetings to take place on Molesey Hurst. It should be noted that Hurst Park is one of the scheduled meetings that cannot pay more than 10 per cent. to the shareholders. On the other hand, meetings like Kempton Park, Sandown Park, and Manchester are not tied down in the matter

of dividends. Thus, Kempton pays 20 per cent. dividend and 20 per cent. bonus. Manchester, it is said, has before now paid 45 per cent. dividends, and Sandown pays a sturdy 7 per cent. on a capital four times as great as that of Kempton. I think Folkestone will in the near future be a good dividend-earning meeting, and Lingfield ought in time to be a good thing for its shareholders. The Earl of March once said that Goodwood was a good money-making meeting, but I do not think the Ducal Meeting has done so well of late years as it did a decade back. It is said that Ascot is far and away the best-paying race fixture of the year. The fees received for boxes and entrance to the stands and rings

are simply astounding. As a result, no selling races appear on the four days' programme, while the prizes always eclipse all records. I think myself there will be a "boom" in racecourse shares this year.

The defeat of Sceptre at Lincoln is puzzling. Mr. Sievier's charming filly showed erratic form as a three-year-old, but very few people expected her to run so slowly as she did on the Carholme this year. Sceptre carried 9 st. over the Rowley Mile last year in ten seconds less time than she took to cover the Lincoln Mile last week. I am beginning to fancy that Sceptre is not a spring horse. She did not run up to her form in the March month last year. That she is a champion I am fully convinced, and there are any number of good prizes at her mercy. She is engaged in the Chester Cup, but is also entered for the ten-thousand-pounders and the Ascot Gold Cup. She is just the mare to win the big event at Ascot if properly wound up, as I am certain no one could question her stamina, while her speed is known to all racegoers. I dare say she is a difficult horse to train, as it is impossible to determine off-hand what form of exercise she requires. Mr. Sievier has told us that she thrives on plenty of work, but I venture to suggest that in time she would become stale if kept hard at work. I still think Sceptre to be the best four-year-old in training, and I think, when she meets Rising Glass, she will beat him as easily again as she did in the race for the St. Leger.—CAPTAIN COE.



OVER NORTON (O. MADDEN UP) RETURNING TO THE PADDOCK AFTER WINNING THE LINCOLN HANDICAP.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE agreeable practice of gift-giving at Easter has been a good deal revived of late years, just as the sending of valentines, once so universal amongst all classes, has fallen into disuse. In Paris the sending to and fro of little *cadeaux* for Easter is an established custom, and one of the graceful amenities which we have borrowed



[Copyright.]

A SIMPLE GOWN OF BLUE CLOTH WITH SILK STRAPPING.

from our friends oversea, together with superfine millinery and other things. Always well in the van of popular taste, I notice that J. C. Vickery's well-known shop in Regent Street is crammed full of exclusive novelties for the forthcoming season. It is so nice, for instance, to find that, even if one spends only five shillings on a souvenir, the recipient will not see its duplicate in every shop-window. Vickery's *spécialité* is the unique and uncommon character of their wares, a distinction which is, no doubt, responsible for the vogue they obtain with all classes of prosperous purchasers.

Some of their new designs in jewellery are more than merely attractive, especially the neck-chains with baroque pearls and oddly fashioned pendants. The gold yachting-cap safety-pin holds cap or Tam-o'-Shanter or motor-gear on the head in wildest weather, and the newest eye-glasses are a revival by Vickery of the "quizzing" glasses of far-back dandyism. Gold purses attached to chain-bracelets are another practical novelty, as they would undoubtedly be a thrice-welcome gift. The final expression of daintiness is found in the gilt hand-mirrors set with glittering paste borders and inset with hand-painted ivory miniatures, silver key-rings of quaint design for the young housewife, the "umbrella-stand" shaped silver pen-rack—being a novelty for the writing-table—endless departures in bronze, useful nicknacks for the *Hausfrau*, rent-books, and even a daintily bound "Stock Transaction" book. From which slight *résumé* it may be gathered that Vickery's assemblage of everyday luxuries and necessities is a practically endless one. In fact, it is impossible to visit their place without falling into temptation a dozen times, and, moreover, being glad of the occasion.

If anyone wants to do some solid good to his neighbour, and, of course, everybody will say "Yes" to that, let me recommend an order for wood to Captain W. S. Sims, 59, Millbank Street, Westminster, who does such splendid work in connection with the *Morning Post* Embankment Home. It appears that so many hapless people were rescued from distress and despair in the past winter by employment in the Home that a great surplus of the chopped wood—their work—is lying on hand. To dispose of this for the benefit of the Home an appeal was lately made. Anyone who gives orders to the institution at the above address is therefore helping forward a great scheme of rescue, and I hope that many kind people who see this small reminder will thus contribute to the saving of soul and body daily and nightly pursued by this noble charity.

Those who were lucky enough to see Niagara Falls when the bed-rock was visible last week, owing to a block of ice in the mountainous regions of its source, had a unique experience. In the memory of man nothing of the sort had happened before. The oldest inhabitant may indeed well marvel at the uses to which Niagara is put nowadays. A new factory fed by its power produces a food called "Triscuit," which contains all the nutriment that mere man can assimilate. No flour or meal is used, no yeast or indigestible fermenting stuff. "Triscuit" is wholemeal in biscuit form, nothing more nor less, and is sold at sixpence a packet. Either with sardines on toast in the dining-room or with marmalade or jam in the nursery it will be equally appreciated, and makes a welcome and wholesome novelty amongst "foods."

The concert given at Grosvenor House on Friday in aid of the St. Francis Leper Guild was a very fully and fashionably attended



[Copyright.]

LIGHT-GREY CLOTH WITH ORIENTAL EMBROIDERY.

function, and it is to be hoped that this most self-sacrificing of all charities benefited to good purpose. As its name indicates, the Guild aims at alleviating the tragedy of leprosy in the Leper Colonies. Sisters are trained who devote their lives to its victims, schools are

established for the healthy children, hospitals conducted for those attacked by the nameless horror of this fell disease, and Father Damian's work is daily carried on by noble men and women in all parts of the world. Lady Bective, Baroness Gredin, and Mrs. Davies-Cooke were amongst those interested in the concert, many prominent artists kindly giving their aid, amongst them Mr. Grossmith and Mr. Hayden Coffin.

Apropos of concerts, I went into Bechstein Hall on Wednesday afternoon for the purpose of hearing Mr. Frank Merrick, a pupil of the Viennese master, Professor Leschetizky, who made his bow to a London audience that day under the distinguished auspices of Mr. Vert. A varied programme of master-pieces, from Bach to Liszt, seemed a formidable undertaking for so boyish an artist, but no doubts remained with the most captious connoisseur at the end of a dozen bars that he was listening to an artist. A novel and interesting feature of the concert was an extemporisation of a theme "given by any member of the audience," according to an invitation in the programme. Mr. Frank Merrick's performance of this trying test merited all praise.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

NETTA (Chislehurst).—There is such abundance to choose from nowadays, but a wholesome disinfecting soap like Wright's Coal Tar is sure to be suitable. It is most soothing for the skin and is particularly refreshing in the bath. SYBIL.

EASTER RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

PARIS AND NORMANDY AT EASTER.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that by their Royal Mail route, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris, Rouen, and Dieppe will be run from London by the special express day service on Thursday morning, April 9, and by the express night service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, April 8, 9, 10, and 11. To ensure punctuality, two or more trains and steamers will be run each day as required by the traffic. Special cheap return tickets to Dieppe will be issued on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 9 to 13.

EASTER ON THE CONTINENT.

By the Harwich-Hook of Holland Royal British Mail Route, facilities are given for leaving London in the evening and arriving at the chief Dutch cities early next morning. There are also direct services to Germany via the Hook of Holland, with restaurant cars on the North and South German express trains. Cheap return tickets for Brussels, the Ardennes, &c., via Antwerp, are issued daily (Sundays excepted), and there is a direct service to Harwich from Scotland, the North, and Midlands, with restaurant car from York. The G.S.N. Co.'s fast passenger steamers leave Harwich for Hamburg on April 9 and 11. Particulars may be obtained of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY

announce cheap excursion trains from London (St. Pancras), &c., on Tuesday, April 7, to Londonderry, via Morecambe, by direct steamer, returning within sixteen days as per sailing bill; on Wednesday, April 8, to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, &c., via Morecambe and via Liverpool, returning any week-day within sixteen days. Also to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, &c., via Barrow and via Liverpool, available for returning any week-day within sixteen days. Thursday, April 9, to Londonderry, via Liverpool, by direct steamer, returning within sixteen days as per sailing bill. Thursday, April 9, to Leicester, Nottingham, Newark, Lincoln, Birmingham, Derby, Manchester, Bolton, Rochdale, Oldham, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Scarborough, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Barrow, and the Furness and Lake District, Carlisle, &c., and to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen, Inverness, Nairn, Forbes, Ballater, &c. Cheap week-end tickets will be issued on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April, 9, 10, and 11, from London (St. Pancras) to the principal seaside and inland holiday resorts, including the Peak District. Many cheap excursion trains will also be run.

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announce that cheap excursions will be run from London—Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (S.-E. and C.), Victoria (S.-E. and C.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), &c. The cheap week-end tickets usually issued each Friday and Saturday will be issued on Thursday, Good Friday (if train service admits), and Saturday, April, 9, 10, and 11, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 14 (except date of issue), but tickets to Caister-on-Sea, Cromer, Mablethorpe, Mundesley-on-Sea, Weybourne, Sheringham, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, West Runton, Woodhall Spa, and Yarmouth are available for return on day of issue or on any day up to Tuesday, April 14, inclusive (if train service admits). To prevent inconvenience from crowding at the Company's principal terminal station, King's Cross, tickets, dated in advance, will be issued at King's Cross (G.N.R.), Victoria (S.-E. and C.), Ludgate Hill, Aldersgate, Farringdon, and suburban stations, and at the various ticket-offices.

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN COMPANY

announce that the ticket-offices at Euston, Broad Street, Kensington, Victoria (Pimlico), and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, April 6, to Easter Monday, April 13, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the town receiving offices of the Company. Additional express-trains will be run and special arrangements made in connection with the London and North-Western passenger trains for the Easter holidays. The Company also announce cheap excursions to Ireland, Wales, the North of England, and Scotland.

THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY

issue an attractive programme of excursions for the holidays. Cheap trains will run from their West-End Terminus at Marylebone, Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan stations to the Midlands, North of England, and Ireland. The short and long-date week-end tickets issued every Friday and Saturday and advertised in their "A. B. C. Programme" will be issued in connection with the Easter holidays on Thursday, April 9, Good Friday (where train service permits), and Saturday.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

issue ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their City and West-End offices, where tickets can be obtained during the whole week preceding Easter. Tickets can also be obtained at Clapham Junction, Hammersmith, Acton, Ealing, and other suburban stations. Pamphlets containing full particulars of the Easter excursions, riverside bookings, and week-end arrangements will be forwarded by the Company's divisional officers, station-masters, or town-office agents, on receipt of a post-card stating the information required.

THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

issue cheap excursion tickets to Paris, via Southampton and Havre, available for fourteen days or less, on April 8, 9, 10, and 11, and cheap tickets by any ordinary train to Havre on April 9, 10, and 11, Cherbourg on April 9 and 11, and St. Malo on the 10th. A number of special fast trains at ordinary fares will leave Waterloo for Bournemouth, Portsmouth, Weymouth, and other stations on Wednesday, April 8, Thursday, and throughout the holidays. Bills and programmes may be obtained at any of the Company's stations, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

A most interesting concert was recently given by Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus at the St. James's Hall, under the management of Mr. Hugo Görlitz. Mr. Backhaus played the Preludes and Fugues (in C-sharp Major and C-sharp Minor) by Bach with great distinction, and impressed his hearers with the wonderful beauty of the composition which he was interpreting. This, indeed, is among the most difficult feats of any Bach-player. In both Brahms's Rhapsodie in G Minor and Schubert's Impromptu in A-flat he was rather less successful; but in D'Albert's "Walzer" he was again quite charming. Mr. John Harrison was the vocalist of the evening, singing Goring Thomas's "O Vision Entrancing" with an emotion that was noble and never insignificant.

This fine silver centrepiece has been presented to the 3rd Battalion West Riding Regiment by the officers who served in South Africa



A. REGIMENTAL CENTREPIECE.

between March 1900 and May 1902, Lieutenant-Colonel A. K. Wyllie, C.B., commanding. The ornament was designed and modelled by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Oxford Street, W., and Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 15

ON 'CHANGE.

DURING the last few days, holders of Consols, who often sneer at their less fortunate fellow-mortals, have had a by no means pleasant reminder that it is not only in Kaffirs, Westralians, or Home Rails that heavy depreciation can take place. When Consols are very sick, it is curious that, as a rule, most other things are out of favour; and so it has been during the late slump, and Paris, with the break in its two specialities, Spanish and Tintos, has added to the general depression.

The reports of the leading Argentine Railways bear witness to the all-round improvement in the conditions of the Republic. The Rosario pays at the rate of 3 per cent., and the Great Southern at the rate of 6 per cent., while the Buenos Ayres Western distributes 1 per cent. more than last year. The Government Rescission Bonds, which have been always a favourite stock with us, continue a good market.

The Yankee position still remains uncomfortable, although the last Associated Bank statement was better than most people anticipated. We have said on more than one occasion that there is a weak spot somewhere in Wall Street, and every fresh feverish attack confirms our opinion. It behoves both bulls and bears to operate with great care, but probably the bulls are running the severest risk at the moment. The course of the junior securities in the Grand Trunk Market has fully justified our caution as to the danger of buying more than could be paid for. We still think that, as a lock-up, both Little Trunks and Third Preference will hurt no one, but that is a very different thing from running a large open account for the rise.

In the furniture trade the purchase of the business of Hampton and Sons by Waring and Gillow, Limited, will make the latter combination one of the largest concerns of its kind in the United Kingdom. The last report, carrying the accounts up to the end of 1902, shows the very large trade carried on by the old business, and the meeting will naturally receive with great favour the Chairman's statement and the proposals for the issue of further capital to enable the absorption of Hampton's to be carried out. The rapid and uninterrupted rise of Waring's is an object-lesson to those croakers who profess that England and English trade are played out.

THE EGYPTIAN SALT AND SODA COMPANY, LIMITED.

Our illustration gives a view of the new soap-factory of this Company. Originally formed in 1900 to take over the Government Salt monopoly, with the distribution stations, and to develop the large natural soda deposits of Egypt, the Company has quite recently built and equipped, at a cost of about £90,000, the Kafr-el-Zayal factory, where cotton-seed is crushed for its oil and the manufacture of soap undertaken on a large scale. Big quantities of cotton-cake are also made and exported to this country as a by-product, fetching about £4 10s. a ton. The factory is only just getting to work, and the sales of soap for the last month have been about £5000; but when everything is in full swing, this output should be at least doubled, with a corresponding increase in the sales of cake. The salt revenue shows, we hear, well over £25,000 net profit for the year 1902, and, if the Company's difficulties with the treatment of the natural soda were overcome, or this part of the business reduced to very modest limits, instead of a modest dividend of 4 per cent., which was paid last year, the future profits should enable double or even treble such a distribution to be made. At 16s., a speculative buyer will probably not lose money by quietly absorbing the shares.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

What we are all coming to nobody seems quite to know, but the general impression is that it will be something pretty bad when we do get there. While the other minor prophets are crowing over the fulfilment of their predictions concerning Consols, I don't see why I shouldn't have my own little self-gratulation for saying a

year ago that Goschens would go to 90. Truly, the forecast was some time coming to its appropriate end, but the event has taken place, and what am I that I shall decline thereat to crow? Nobody else will give me any credit for having suggested at the beginning of last year that Consols would reach 90; nobody even remembers it, unless I'm very much mistaken; but why should I be robbed of the only reward that could possibly befall me—to wit, my own self back-patting? And let me whisper that the Funds will fall still further. If 85 stops the decline, then write me down—or underline the words in red ink if they are already written—an Ass.

Unless some of the bears in New York do not mind their skins, we shall see a remarkably fine series of short lines in Yankees before long. Already the situation across the Pond is becoming fraught with more bear accounts than bear points, and, while I am no enthusiastic believer in the eternity of American prosperity, I fancy that some of the shorts have been going a little too far. Take the case of Baltimores as an example. The price has fallen some thirteen dollars within the last few weeks, allowing for deduction of the dividend, and, so far as one is able to judge over here, no real reason can be advanced to account for the decline. On any flat day, B. and O. are well worth buying, and so, amongst the gambling counters, are Readings. The investor should be thankful for any furtherance of the slump in Yankees, because it will probably enable him to pick up Canadian Pacifics cheaply. There can be little doubt, present troubles notwithstanding, that Canadas will rise to 150, or possibly more, in course of time.

The other day, a facetious member in what used to be called the Klondyke Market drew a rough sketch of a certain gentleman, not forgetting the "large fat roll under the chin," and labelled it "Not a bad egg in the Basket." The application was too painfully personal to be overlooked, but it is noticeable how little abuse one hears in the House of Mr. Whitaker Wright, even from those who have suffered most deeply from the result of his high financing, or whatever he would call it. There is a certain air of restraint and dignity in the way Mr. Whitaker Wright is treated which compares somewhat singularly with the wild yelling that broke out on the part of some portions of the Press when it was discovered that Mr. Wright was liable to be called to account for his misdeeds. The spectacle of a motley crew now growling and snarling at the hand which they licked so slavishly when it distributed bribes and free calls of shares to them is an edifying one. We are bad enough in the House,

heaven knows, but, without being pharisaical, I hope we shan't do things like that. Of course, there are plenty of journalists to whom Whitaker Wright and his bribes, free calls, and bubble Companies were anathema even in the heyday of his prime; men who wrote strenuously against the rotten system by which the base fabric was too rapidly reared. Honour to them, by all means, but honour, above all, to Mr. John Flower, without whose valiant, weary fight Justice would never have got a chance to make her voice heard. Whatever happens to the original sinner, the new Stock Exchange Committees should surely see to it that Mr. Flower is reinstated in his membership as one of their earliest acts.

"Is there any single thing I can buy without the almost certain prospect of seeing the price go down?" asks the distracted investor, and his broker for the time being hesitates to recommend. The fall which has overtaken Colonial stocks is, in itself, a nasty blow to the sacredness that was supposed to surround, like a saint's nimbus, any security in the Trustee list.

New South Wales Threes have been one of the principal sufferers, and, considering that the Colony is recovering from its recent misfortunes, the stock looks comparatively cheap. Grand Trunk Second Preference is another investment, of a different character, which would present decided attractions if the times were normal. But they're not, and, as I say, the broker is half afraid to advise the purchase of anything just now, because all the chances seem to be in favour of a further decline. In time, no doubt, they will come round again, and we shall all be tearing our hair at having permitted such an opportunity to pass as the present is for acquiring cheap investments. The new Savoy Hotel Second Debenture can be acquired at a small discount and is well secured. It is a good stock, but, of course, the price won't improve as long as the gilt-edged things are so flat; although in time it will rise, and its case is typical of dozens of others.

"Charity" is a cold word, but it fills a warm spot in the heart of the House, and the latest efforts of Stock Exchange amateurs and their friends in "San Toy" should add several hundreds of pounds to the funds of the Charing Cross Hospital. Mr. Walter Leveaux, with several House-men and other willing helpers, gave a couple of most successful representations of "San Toy" at Mrs. Langtry's Imperial Theatre, and the house on those two nights was filled with brilliant gatherings of a class quite different to that which fills the ordinary theatres in the usual way. A feature of the performance was the conducting of the orchestra and chorus, without music, by Mr. Dunaway, one of the most versatile of Stock Exchange musicians, and who seemed just as happy with the bâton as he is with any of the numerous instruments of which he has made a study. For an amateur to conduct "San Toy" without the music in front of him is in itself a performance that speaks louder to the musician than tympani.

My allotted space, I fear, is overrun. I hope it is, at all events, for the Old Man Nod is riding on my eyebrows, and I guess if you had been writing "Echoes from the House" into the wee sma' hours beyond the twal' you would be just as sleepy as

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE COMPANIES ACT 1900.

The remarks which we made in our issue of the 11th inst., on the effect of the Companies Act 1900, have excited the anger of some correspondents. We are well aware that it is the fashion of the moment to clamour for legislation to cure every ill from which man suffers: Acts of Parliament to make the drunkard sober, the chimney-sweep



THE EGYPTIAN SALT AND SODA COMPANY: THE KAFR-EL-ZAYAL FACTORY, FROM THE NILE.

Photograph by Atelier Reiser, Alexandria and Cairo.

efficient, even the poor cow give milk of a standard richness. Why, not, then, make the promoter honest, candid, and even honourable, by the same easy method? "Was the Government to let robbery go on without interference?" indignantly asks one of our critics; while another, more reasonable, wants to know what we suggest ought to be done.

The answer to the last gentleman is very simple. The only true principle is to treat the sale of shares like the sale of a horse, a chair, or any other chattel. If the seller makes false representations as to the soundness of the horse or the age of the chair, or the hundred other things which induce the purchaser to part with his money, he is liable to punishment, both civil and criminal, and we would treat the promoter in the same fashion and make him liable to the same law. Even the most ignorant person knows that, if the Government were to pass an Act to make every horse-dealer disclose to a purchaser what he had paid for the animal he was offering for sale, or to make it a crime to sell without a written warranty of soundness, such a law would be either futile or injurious; and, in the case of the Companies Act 1900, the result has proved the first alternative to be the commoner result. The injury to the nation which such Acts do—in the first place, by destroying all individual self-reliance; in the second place, by increasing lawsuits; and, in the third place, by hampering trade, with all its attendant evils—is a subject too large to be discussed in these Notes.

How far a Government can with advantage interfere in the private affairs of the governed, what are the limits of its functions, and the evil results of exceeding such limits, are they not all written in the books of Adam Smith, Bentham, Buckle, and many others? But we fear it would be almost as futile to recommend the average half-educated middle-class investor to read "The Wealth of Nations" or "The History of Civilisation" as to put Newton's "Principia" into the hands of a Board School child to prove the laws of gravitation.

Saturday, March 28, 1903.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KROONSTAD.—Your letter and postal-order was handed over to the Publishing Department on the 23rd inst.

WATER.—The shares are not a bad speculative investment, but quite high enough.

QUERY.—We have no faith in the merits of the concern, but, if you join the reconstruction and Kaffirs go generally better, you would probably make a bit by not dropping out. It is really a gamble on an improvement in the Mining Market.

H. E. T.—We have sent you the broker's name and address. Of course, you will have to give him cover or a banker's reference before he will open an account for you.

G. N. S.—The Barnato mine is called the Roodepoort Gold Mining Company. It is quite distinct from the mine in which you are interested. Your Company belongs to the Albu group and is a high-grade ore proposition. The Barnato mine averages only about 4.9 dwt. to the ton.

CUCKOO.—(1) The brokerage should be 5s. per cent. and one shilling stamp. (2) If you buy and sell stock for the same account, there should be only one charge, but otherwise the selling commission is the same as the buying. (3) The Gold-mining Debentures will probably be met at the due date—that is, all will be cleared off by May 1908. (4) We will inquire and answer this question next week.

THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, LIMITED.—The Directors intimate that the accounts for the twelve months ending Jan. 31, 1903, after making ample provision for all depreciations, &c., enable them to declare a final dividend at the rate of 12½ per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares of the Company, making, with the interim dividend, a total dividend of 10 per cent. per annum for the year. The sum of £10,000 has been carried to the reserve fund, and the balance carried forward to the new profit and loss account.

THE MERE MAN.

WHATEVER may be the opinion of the Surrey magistrates on the subject of motor-cars, it is perfectly certain that the general feeling of the inhabitants is strongly in favour of them. This was most amusingly illustrated in the late election at Chertsey, where motor-cars were in enormous request and brought by far the greater number of those who voted up to the poll. A friend of mine who took his motor-car down to the constituency last Thursday told me that he was hard at work all day taking voters to the poll, and that of the village which was given to him to look after he took the majority of the voters with him in his car. The free and independents absolutely refused to look at a carriage drawn by a horse, and preferred to wait about all day rather than vote without having enjoyed a ride in a motor. "No car, no vote," seemed to be the motto for the day.

Bar accidents, the Boat-race to-day should be an easy win for Cambridge, but by no means so easy a win as was at one time expected. Oxford have improved wonderfully since they left home, while, on the other hand, Cambridge have not come on as much as their admirers hoped they would. They are not equal to the great crew of 1900, for they are not so well together; but, all the same, they should win the race, for their leg-drive is splendid and they get hold of the water with a magnificent grip at the beginning of the stroke.

The race has only twice before been rowed on April 1—in 1871 and 1882—Cambridge winning on the first and Oxford on the second occasion. It has been stated that the dead-heat in 1877 was rowed on the 1st of April, but this is an error, for it was rowed on March 24. The Oxford coxswain is unusually light and small, and weighs two pounds less than G. L. Davis, of Clare, did in 1875; but he is not the lightest man who has ever steered a University eight, for that honour belongs to F. H. Archer, of Corpus, Cambridge, who steered the boat from 1862 to 1865, and in his first year weighed only 5 st. 2 lb., or twenty pounds less than Eyre, the Oxford coxswain. Roberts, of Jesus, Cambridge, one of J. H. D. Goldie's coxswains, was also lighter than Eyre.

The Antarctic has quite taken the place of the North Pole in public interest, and had it not been for the Moat Mystery, the arrival of the *Discovery's* relief-ship *Morning* would have attracted even greater attention. But, as it is, much indignation is felt that some of the food sent out in the *Discovery* should have been bad, with the result that the brave crew suffered from scurvy. With all the resources of chemistry at our disposal, such a state of things should be impossible nowadays, and the matter ought to be very strictly inquired into. If the *Morning* had not succeeded in re-victualling the *Discovery* last January, the explorers would have been in an even worse case, and few things are more awful than for men to find themselves in a frozen land with a stock of uneatable provisions.

The spring this year is a good month in advance of the season last year, and already all the fruit-trees in the orchards round London are in full blossom. The rain and the heat-wave of last week brought everything out with a rush, and, if no frosts come to nip the blossoms before they are set, we shall have a magnificent crop of fruit this season. It is a long time since we have had such a hot day in March as last Wednesday was, and the way in which the shrubs in the gardens round London leaped into bud was something remarkable.

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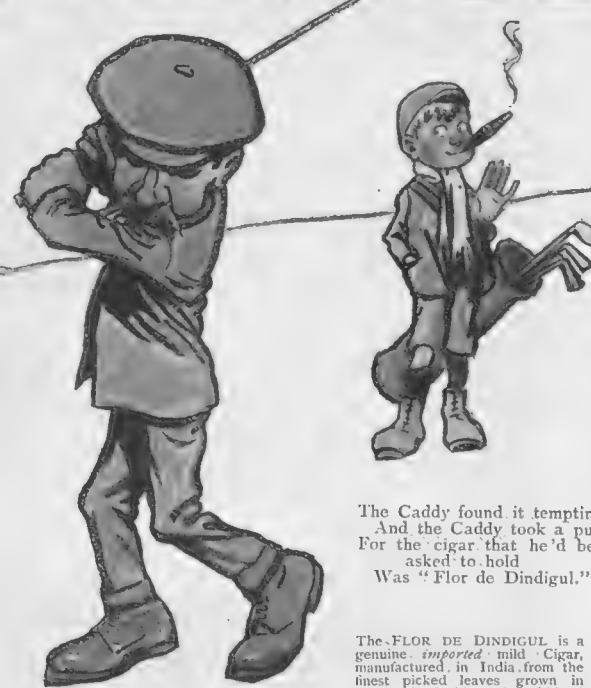
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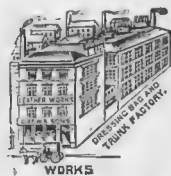


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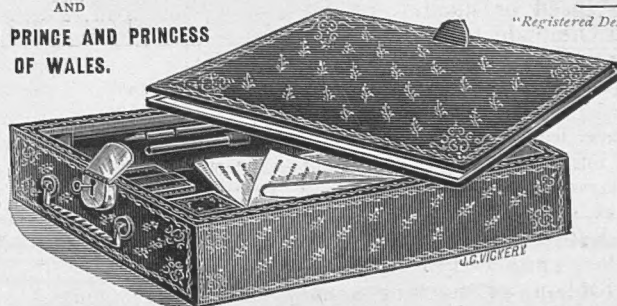
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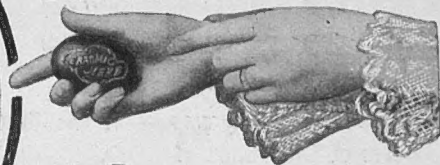
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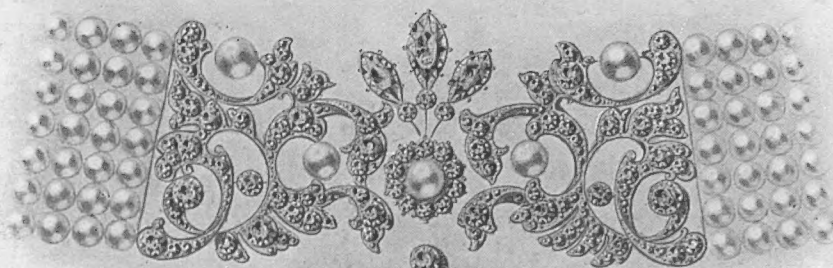
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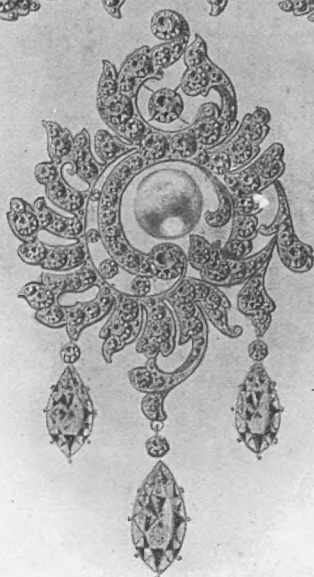
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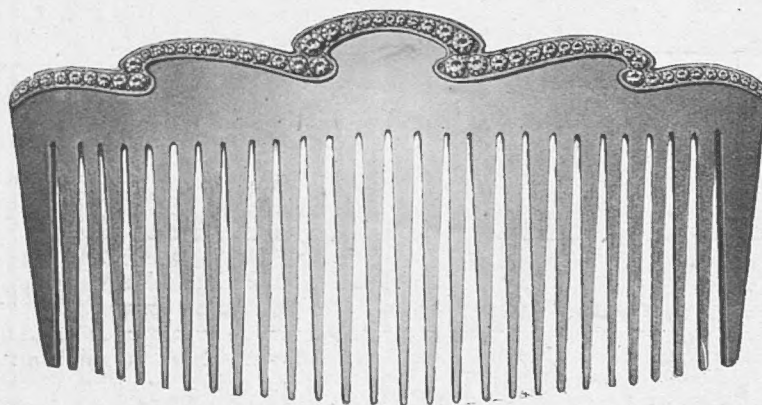
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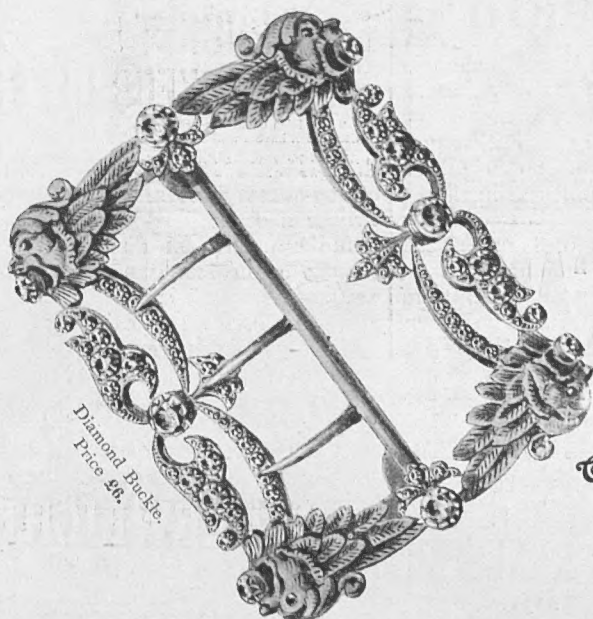
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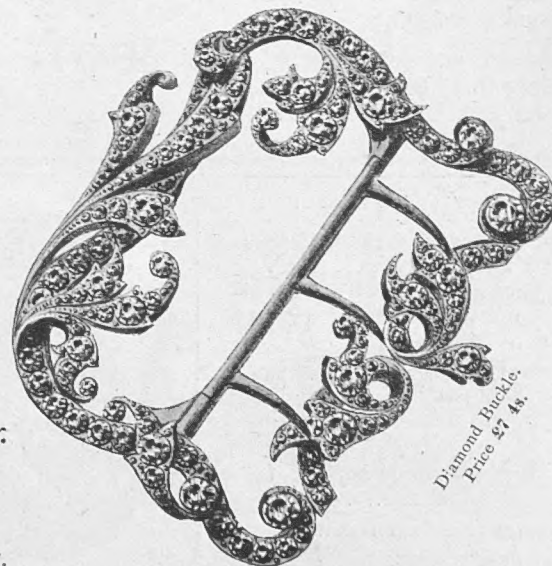
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